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The Week

GENEVA last week continued in its novel rôle as the most important news centre in Europe. The League's special sub-committee, headed by Benes of Czechoslovakia, has been struggling heroically with the problem of preparing a draft treaty of arbitration and security which shall reconcile the well nigh irreconcilable views of Great Britain and France. It is hoped to do this by continuing to permit special regional agreements such as France now has with the members of the Little Entente and Poland, but by providing that these shall not come into operation until the League of Nations has called for action against a power guilty of aggression. The new draft treaty (which will be largely based on the Shotwell-Bliss plan recently printed in the columns of the New Republic) cannot take effect until it has been ratified by a large number of states, probably twelve or fifteen; and the French seem likely to have their way on the contention that reduction of armament cannot be considered until the new arbitration treaty has become law. Nevertheless the League's leaders are seemingly so hopeful of rapid progress that they have called a world conference on limitation of armament to meet at Geneva on June 15, 1925. All nations, whether in the League or not, will be asked to send representatives.

THE extraordinary haste shown in setting such an early date is probably an attempt to forestall President Coolidge in the proposal, at which he has several times hinted, to call another Washington conference on limitation of armament. To this the European statesmen are unanimously and strongly opposed. They recognize as any candid student of affairs must that the Washington conference did not really limit armament at all. It established ratios only for capital ships, which are believed by an important school of naval experts to be entirely obsolete. It put no limit on destroyers, airplanes or submarines; and everyone who was present at the conference is well aware that had such an attempt been made it would have broken down in ignominious failure. Similar failure would greet a similar effort today, unless it had been preceded by the signing of some such treaty for arbitration and general security as that upon which the League of Nations is now working. With the League, however, the United States government will have nothing to do officially and very little unofficially. With these facts in mind it is not hard to see why the European diplomats do not wish to meet in Washington and have forestalled such a possibility by announcing the date of their own conference—a date which, of course, can easily be postponed from time to time if it is found necessary as it almost certainly will be.

GREAT BRITAIN'S suggestion that her fleet might be used for blockade purposes under orders of the League of Nations continues a topic of absorbing interest on the continent. As is customary after a trial balloon has been sent up, and the first response has been unfavorable, the proposal has since been "disavowed." It is explained that the plan was mentioned by Lord Parmoor and Sir Cecil Hurst merely as a casual illustration of difficulties which might be encountered under the compulsory arbitration feature of the World Court, that nothing was proposed which is not already demanded by the League Covenant—and so on. The British press, however, takes an extremely serious view of the

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suggestion, and particularly as it might produce trouble with the United States in case our vessels were held up on the high seas under orders of a League of Nations of which we were not a member. The French press also continues to resound with echoes of the scheme, which is there interpreted as pointing toward a British promise of aid in case of another attack by Germany. Whether all this resulted merely from a slip of the tongue on the part of two blundering British diplomats, or was in fact a carefully stage-managed effort to provide the British fleet with a new raison d'étre in case of embarrassing demands for reduction of naval armament in the near future, we invite our readers to decide for themselves — remembering that just when the British diplomat seems most inept and haphazard he is often most deliberate and serious.

AL SMITH undoubtedly has been sincere in his desire not to run again for Governor of New York. The work of reorganizing the state government on which he started in 1918 is finished. By remaining in office he sacrifices about a hundred thousand dollars a year which he can earn in private life. The Democratic convention this year showed that he can never hope to crown his public career as the occupant of the White House. Extraordinary pressure must therefore have been brought to bear if he has been persuaded to run again. It is easy to guess what that pressure was. He has been told there is no hope of a Democratic victory this year without winning New York, and that New York cannot be won unless he heads the state ticket. A good soldier of the party, Governor Smith obeys orders in the endeavor to insure the election of the man who won the nomination he, himself, wanted. The sacrifice, however, will almost certainly be in vain. Unless all signs are wrong, Davis cannot win. Present indications are that even should Smith's aid succeed in saving New York, the national ticket will be unable to get a majority in the Electoral College. It is much more likely to run a bad third.

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY has come out of his hole. After having refused to appear as a witness before the Senate Committee investigating the Department of Justice, and after fighting tooth and nail in the courts to prevent being compelled to, he now suddenly bobs up with a long letter to John W. Davis, accompanied by a signed statement from Gaston B. Means, the self-confessed international spy who was one of the committee's witnesses whose testimony was most damaging to Daugherty. The latter's own letter is the same stuff he has made public several times before: an insistence that he is completely innocent and was indeed the very pattern of a model attorney-general. As usual, he declares that his opponents are engaged in "a conspiracy of deep purpose and devilish ingenuity" and consist of "those who seek the overthrow of this government under leaders fresh from a baptism of Bolshevism in lurid and suffering Russia." More novel is the statement by Means, who declares in substance that his own testimony and that of a majority of the other witnesses was "a tissue of lies." In his own case he asserts that he acted as a secret spy for Daugherty, aiding Senator Wheeler in order to find out how much the latter knew; and then, piqued at a message from the attorney-general that he might "go to hell," he took the stand and made the damaging statements which are to be found in the record.

IF the Means statement were true it would be a document of some importance. There is, however, little reason to suppose either that it is true or was made voluntarily. It is an incoherent jumbled mass of melodrama, some points in which are entirely incredible while others are mutually contradictory. Within twenty-four hours after it had been written Means, himself, had partially repudiated it on the ground that "it was not sworn to." Undoubtedly, terrific pressure has been brought to bear on Means as well as on George Remus, the convicted bootlegger now in Atlanta Prison, to force the repudiation of testimony which is damaging not only to Daugherty personally, but to the Republican administration and therefore to Coolidge's chance of reëlection. Everyone has recognized from the first that Means was and is a person of dubious character. He is a self-confessed spy and informer. If his testimony before the Wheeler-Brookhart committee had been his own unsupported statements, there would have been no necessity to take it seriously.

BUT unluckily for Mr. Daugherty, this is not the case. The facts about the Department of Justice which were revealed by the Senate investigation did not depend on Means's statements and are not shaken by his recanting. Testimony in documentary form, plus verbal testimony from numerous witnesses who corroborated one another, show that large sums were paid to intimate friends of Harry M. Daugherty by motion picture men who believed that thereby they were securing immunity from arrest for crossing state lines with prizefight films. Daugherty's defense does not answer this testimony. It was proved that hundreds of thousands of dollars were paid by bootleggers and drug peddlers to Daugherty's closest associates in the belief that immunity from federal prosecution was thereby purchased. Daugherty's defense does not answer this testimony. It was proved that Department of Justice agents had spied upon members of the United States Senate, shadowing their movements, breaking into their offices and rifling their documents in the endeavor to "get something on them" by which they could be blackmailed into dropping the investigation. Daugherty's defense does not answer this testimony.

IT has been proved that the whole atmosphere of the Department of Justice and of the social circles

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in Washington graced by Mr. Daugherty, his precious friend Howard Manington, his equally precious friend Jesse Smith, and the rest of them was degraded to the level of the average back room in the average Ohio saloon: an atmosphere of bootleg whisky and gambling, of spies and spies upon spies, of "little deals fixed up" behind locked doors; of double-crossing and of easy money the sources of which are never investigated too closely. This atmosphere, plus the proved dishonesty of his intimate friends, are the chief counts against Mr. Daugherty, and were the main reasons which caused President Coolidge to remove him ignominiously from office. Not only has Mr. Daugherty failed to shake a particle of this testimony, but he has fought to the last ditch to avoid going on the witness stand to answer it as an honest man should want to do. If he expects to rehabilitate himself with the American people, he will have to do more than issue wild statements about Bolshevism in the Senate, accompanied by alleged repudiations of testimony by a professional informer.

MR. COOLIDGE didn't yank Secretary Wilbur back from the Pacific coast because of the latter's "Yes, by jingo" speeches on the general theme of cold steel as an antidote for Oriental passion. Oh, dear, no. The Secretary was recalled in order to find out once and forever whether battleships are dead, having been killed by submarines and airplanes. We may gulp a little at this explanation and still be unfeignedly glad that a board of experts is to make an exhaustive study of this famous controversy. Major-General M. M. Patrick declared the other day in Philadelphia that the world's battle fleets are now helpless against aircraft; that fliers can drop floating flares at night and pick off the leviathans at leisure, themselves remaining invisible above. To this, various admirals, who when afloat live most comfortably on battleships and find life in a submarine or a chaser quite hideous, reply that it is all nonsense; that anti-aircraft guns and defense planes carried on deck make the battleships as safe as staying home in bed—or safer. This is important, if true. We spent in the last fiscal year $322,000,000 on a navy in which the leading rôle is played by battleships of which the four latest cost on the average $20,000,000 each. It would be interesting to know whether all these shekels of the taxpayer are utterly wasted; if they are he could perhaps think of more entertaining ways to do his wasting at first hand. Secretary Wilbur is ever so much better engaged in putting together a coroner's jury for battleships than he is in California making truculent faces in the general direction of the setting sun.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the nationally-famous editor of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette, is an honest and liberal American citizen; and as such, is of course opposed to the Ku Klux Klan. He opposes it because it brings religious controversy into politics; because it punishes innocent people, socially and economically, for the accident of birth; because it relies on fear and falsehood, hocus-pocus and bugaboo, to attain its often undesirable ends. Today White sees both the two old parties in Kansas under the Klan's thumb. The Republican nominee, Ben Paulen, has K. K. K. support, and helped to prevent the passage of an anti-Klan resolution in the state convention. The Democratic nominee, Governor Jonathan M. Davis, has refused to disclaim aid of the nightie-wearers. Therefore Bill White, leaping from his editorial chair to the knightly saddle of a dragon-baiter, has entered the lists as an independent gubernatorial candidate. In deciding to run, the editor has broken a life-long rule. Time and time again he has refused important offices on the ground that the journalist should stick to his presses. If he abandons this theory now, he believes he has good reason to. Years ago White asked a question which made him famous: "What's the matter with Kansas?" Today the answer is somewhat altered. Kansas doesn't need to raise more wheat; but she does need to raise less hell. We wish Bill White good luck in his attempt to persuade his commonwealth to behave.

La Follette and German Americans

THE frank and unreserved acceptance which Senator La Follette recently returned to the endorsement of the Steuben Society, composed of Americans of German descent, is a credit to him personally and to the political insurrection of the Progressives which has provided an opportunity for this reassertion by the German Americans of their rights as citizens. It is the chief virtue of progressive political agitation to provide an outlet for grievances to which the mistakes and commitments of older parties forbid them to give satisfaction. That service the Progressive group is performing in the present instance. The Americans of German descent are troubled by the memory of wrongs which both parties inflicted on them, which they cannot help remembering and are entitled to resent.

A few weeks ago the political committee of the Society published a report which stated their reasons for preferring Mr. La Follette rather than Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Davis. There was nothing improper about this demonstration. On the contrary if the Americans of German descent, in so far as they form a coherent group, propose to vote for Mr. La Follette, it is more public spirited of them to advertise their preference and to state their reasons for it publicly than to conduct a furtive propaganda against Davis and Coolidge. The New York Times, it is true, speaks of the "open appeal to the passions and prejudices of citizens of German origin

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which marks the circular letter just issued," but surely, if passion and prejudice have poisoned the relation between German Americans and their fellow countrymen, it has been exhibited against Americans of German descent rather than by them. Apparently the Times still believes that the German American is a proper object of suspicion, persecution, contempt and outlawry, for the same article contains the insinuation that: "Persons to whom the document has been sent have commented on the fact that the postal authorities have permitted it to pass through the mails." As a matter of fact it is a sign of returning political health that the German Americans have plucked up courage to assume publicly a political position. It means not merely renewed self-respect on their part but a decline in intolerance on the part of the average American.

The report of the committee is in part a recital of the discrimination and oppression practised during and after the War against inoffensive and law-abiding citizens of German descent. Those citizens with few exceptions behaved in an entirely correct manner. It is extraordinary, considering their numbers, their natural fellow feeling with their kinsmen in Germany, and the provocations under which they suffered, that so few gave to the American government any sufficient reason to be uneasy. The number of conspirators was negligible. They obeyed the laws and sent, as they should, their sons to fight in France with their fellow-countrymen of the same age. Yet irrespective of any offensive acts and merely because they possessed German names, their neighbors raided their houses without warrant, forced them to buy bonds in arbitrarily fixed amounts, confiscated their property and live stock, beat up, tarred and feathered their men, rode their women on rails and compelled them to kiss the flag. The rehearsal of wrongs in the report is not exaggerated. The story is, to the discredit of the American people, literally and precisely true. It is not a true story which they like to recall at the present time, and any one who ventures to remind them of their mob violence is accused of stirring up passions and prejudices which might better be forgotten. But they cannot be forgotten until they are in some measure expiated. Unless they are recalled and properly characterized, they will never be recognized for what they really were.

Considering the intense bitterness and fanaticism which the World War aroused in all the belligerent peoples, excesses of this kind on the part of local mobs were natural if not excusable. The great grievance of the Americans of German descent consists in the fact that not only did the government refuse or fail to protect them in the enjoyment of their rights as American citizens, but that much of this persecution was directly due to official stimulation. The inoffensive and law-abiding Americans of German descent were treated as outlaws and suspects. In the mixed panic and fanaticism which took possession of the people in power, they organized an army of spies, informers and insinuators—200,000 of them—under the direct authority of the Attorney-General. He and his subordinates throughout the country, with a few honorable exceptions, acted as the organizers of espionage and the fomenters of violence and hate. Mr. Davis is in some measure personally answerable to German Americans for this chapter in our history. He was second to the Attorney-General in the Department of Justice which by its behavior reflected and intensified popular passions. Neither in office nor elsewhere did he rebuke mob violence or take any steps to mitigate it. Considering his performance as Solicitor-General, we can discern no reason why our fellow citizens of German descent should attach very much importance to Mr. Davis's eloquent vindication of the American commonwealth and Constitution as the imperturbable and invincible guardians of the rights of the individual.

The Republicans, although they were out of office, shared with the Democrats the responsibility for fomenting mob violence, but the political committee of the Steuben Society in considering the claims of Mr. Coolidge on their support deals exclusively with the period of Republican rule which began in March, 1921. They refuse to endorse him as a candidate because the Republican party, both in its foreign and domestic policy, has not tried to repair the mistakes or heal the wounds wrought by their predecessors. The Republican administration, by using its enormous influence with friendly European governments on behalf of an amelioration of the more unjust and unworkable provisions of the Treaty of Versailles which a Republican Senate had declined to ratify, might both have assisted in European recovery and have reunited American opinion in favor of a revival of a more disinterested and humane American policy in Europe. Instead it perpetuated the Germano-phobia of Mr. Wilson's last phase and refused to adopt any measure which would serve to protect Germans against ill treatment by their conquerors. The administration allowed the French government to invade the Ruhr without any expression of disapproval, and the Republican vice-presidential candidate, sent to Europe on a mission of reconstruction, went out of his way to applaud that atrocious act. The Dawes plan which the present administration has officially underwritten, pledges the American government to participate in a receivership of Germany without taking any steps to define or limit the claims on German economic production which the receivership is intended to satisfy. In fact the administration has taken over a modified version of the former Wilsonian subserviency to France and Great Britain. It is a striking fact that during the past four years the American nation, in spite of its much smaller burden of grievances against Germany, has actually tagged behind the British nation in recovering from the hatreds and obsessions of the War. The Republicans are chiefly responsible for this disconcerting

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lack of moral elasticity in American opinion. The administration cowered before the aggressive minority which sought to perpetuate the war psychology, and so lost an opportunity of leading the American national conscience to a renewed possession of its resources and ideals.

American citizens of German descent who are interested in the recovery by this country of a more disinterested attitude towards European conflicts for power, have consequently many strong reasons to oppose the old parties. They also have many strong reasons for supporting Senator La Follette. His record is perfectly clear. He was frankly and loyally opposed to the course which President Wilson adopted of entering the World War. Once we were engaged, he worked to minimize the evil consequences of the increasing popular intolerance and excitement. He was outspoken for a decent and magnanimous conduct of the War at home, for protecting citizens in their constitutional rights, for sparing the natural feelings of those of German birth, for paying a larger part of its cost out of current revenue, and for telling what he believed to be the truth. He was maliciously and violently attacked for assuming this position. When he stated in his St. Paul speech that we had grievances against Germany, the Associated Press, with an inattention or malice which is beginning to seem incredible, reported him as declaring that we had no grievances against Germany. Largely as the result of this falsehood efforts were made, and soon after abandoned, to remove him from his seat in the United States Senate. At the time Senator La Follette faced and doubtless expected political extinction. It is a hopeful sign that instead of being utterly and hopelessly discredited, he is now a candidate for the Presidency with the certainty of receiving the support of five or six millions of his fellow citizens, and with the probability that his war record will count more as a source of strength than a source of weakness. In accepting fully the challenge of this record, with the sinister implications which hopelessly prejudiced minds will attach to the action of the Steuben Society, he is confirming his reputation, as compared to his opponents', for candor, consistency and courage.

The Red Terror of Judicial Reform

It is frequently charged that this tribunal is tyrannical. If the Constitution of the United States be tyranny; if the rule that no one shall be convicted of crime save by a jury of his peers; that no orders of nobility shall be granted; that slavery shall not be permitted to exist in any state or territory; that no one shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; if these and many other provisions made by the people be tyranny, then the Supreme Court when it makes decisions in accordance with these principles of our fundamental law is tyrannical. Otherwise it is exercising the power of government for the preservation of liberty. The fact is that the Constitution is the source of our freedom. Maintaining it, interpreting it and declaring it are the only methods by which the Constitution can be preserved and our liberties guaranteed . . .

When this country was set up and the Constitution of the United States was written we gave to the Americans of that day and all who might come after them certain fundamental rights that could never be taken away . . .

If Congress should pass a law tomorrow denying to you, or to the people of this country, freedom of your person, should pass a law tomorrow denying to you the right of assembly; if it should pass a law tomorrow denying to you the freedom of your person, or visit upon you punishment except as a penalty for crime, you would be entirely within your rights if you disregarded it, and if you were arrested for its violation any judge in all this country who was faithful to his oath would release you . . .

Some people do not seem to understand fully the purpose of our constitutional restraints. They are not for protecting the majority, either in or out of the Congress. They can protect themselves with their votes. We have adopted a written Constitution in order that the minority, even down to the most insignificant individual, might have their rights protected.

I deny that there is any such thing as despotic power in these United States, in Presidents, or governors, or courts, or congresses, or legislatures. There must be in this country some power to which the American citizen can appeal when these sacred rights of his are invaded.

—President Coolidge, speaking at Baltimore, Md., September 6.

—Mr. Davis, speaking at Dubuque, Ia., September 5.

REPUBLICAN papers are entitled to point out the identity of views between the Republican and Democratic candidates on the issues raised by judicial control over legislation. It is a mere coincidence that the President and Mr. Davis spoke on this subject at the same time; but it is of the deepest significance that they expressed the same beliefs. The two speeches reflected a common mind, and they might have been written by the same pen. What meaning would they convey to a foreign student of our affairs who aimed at a disinterested understanding of vital American problems? If such an inquirer were confined for understanding to the Coolidge and Davis utterances, he would only be told that some precious aspects of human liberty were formulated by the American Constitution and that the Supreme Court of the United States is their vigilant and effective guardian. Nothing more ap-

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pearing in the explanations of the President of the United States and his contender for the Presidency, speaking with the added apparent authority of eminence at the bar, our foreign seeker for truth would be wholly baffled to understand why traditional liberties, or the means of rendering them effective, should find opposition. Naturally he would assume that only malevolence compounded with ignorance can be the enemy. This is, of course, precisely the aim of the Coolidge and Davis speeches.

One expects nothing better on this profoundly important issue from Mr. Coolidge. He doubtless honestly entertains all his fears and phantasies about constitutional law in action. The famous author of The Reds in Our Colleges knows no better. But what is one to say of John W. Davis? He cannot be unfamiliar with the judicial record which has kept this issue in American politics, with vigorous insistence, during the last thirty years. Surely he must know that neither William J. Bryan nor Theodore Roosevelt was a malevolent foreigner bent on destroying Americanism; he must know that these two leaders expressed deep grievances in their attacks upon judicial abuses, whatever one may think of the remedies which they proposed. Does Mr. Davis's conscience really permit him to miseducate his hearers, as he did in his Dubuque speech, on a subject so vital to the maintenance of confidence in the essentials of the American Constitution? For it is inconceivable that Mr. Davis is unaware of the fact that by grave omissions in his treatment of the courts and the Constitution he conveyed a mutilated and, therefore, untrue picture.

Of course, our constitutional mechanism requires an independent Supreme Court. In all governments there must be organs for finality of decision. In a federated government like ours, with powers distributed in necessarily broad terms under a written Constitution, a free court is the most dependable instrument for adjusting controversies between the constituent states and the nation, and between individual states. It does not, however, follow that the Supreme Court should be the arbiter for all controversies in state and nation. At once, therefore, distinctions must be taken as to the power of the Supreme Court, and the wisdom of the grant of power, in the different classes of cases over which the Court has jurisdiction. Under the Commerce Clause the Supreme Court maintains the equilibrium between states and nation by determining when a state has sought to project its authority beyond its state lines and when, on the other hand, Congress has interfered with the purely domestic concerns of the individual states. Here is a power that must be left with the Supreme Court although its exercise is not at all a necessitous deduction of "principles" hidden in the Constitution, to which only the Supreme Court has the code. The simple truth of the matter is that decisions of the Court denying or sanctioning the exercise of federal power, as in the first child labor case, largely involve a judgment about practical matters, and not at all any esoteric knowledge of the Constitution. Therefore it is that the decisions of the Court must be subjected to relentless scrutiny to save them from pedantry and sterility, as the unconscious rationalizations of the economic and social biases of individual justices. Nevertheless, the power of the Supreme Court to mediate between the states and the nation in interpreting the commerce clause must be left intact.

> I don't think, [Mr. Justice Holmes has said] the United States would come to an end if we lost our power to declare an act of Congress void. I do think the union would be imperilled if we could not make that declaration as to the laws of the several states. For one in my place sees how often a local policy prevails with those who are not trained to national views and how often action is taken that embodies what the Commerce Clause was meant to end.

The next broad class of constitutional provisions which comes before the Court involves specific prohibitions upon the legislative power both of the states and of Congress and is intended to protect individual rights. These guarantees are based upon the history of a specific political grievance, or they embody a specific limitation of power in the formulation of governmental powers which came out of the Philadelphia convention. These are the features of the Constitution that Messrs. Coolidge and Davis disingenuously dwell upon, because, in their judicial construction, they give rise to relatively little difficulty. The definiteness of the terms of these specific provisions, the definiteness of their history, the definiteness of their aims, all combine to limit narrowly the scope of judicial review in the rare instances when their meaning is called into question. Only occasionally is doubt raised as to whether "a fact tried by a jury" has been "reëxamined in any court of the United States," otherwise than "according to the rules of the common law;" or whether a tax is "laid upon articles exported from any state;" or whether a crime is "infamous;" or whether the prohibition against "unreasonable searches and seizures" is violated. Here, in other words, is a part of constitutional law relatively easy of application because it allows comparatively meagre play for individual judgment as to policy. In this field, economic and social conflicts play little or no part. Even here, however, the record of the Supreme Court in interpreting the guarantee of "freedom of speech" shows how, with rare exceptions, passions lay prey even the courts.

But there are two clauses of the Constitution which present very different problems of statecraft —the "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment, a limitation upon the federal government, and the "due process of law," and the denial of the "equal protection of the laws" of the Fourteenth Amendment, limiting state action and subjecting every local act of every state to the scrutiny of the

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Supreme Court at Washington. President Coolidge in his innocence assumes that there are settled "principles" and fixed rules by which these provisions are specifically applied, all, as he thinks, "with the sole purpose of protecting the freedom of the individual, of guarding his earnings, his home, his life." Doubtless Mr. Coolidge would say that courts in declaring unconstitutional workmen's compensation laws, the ten-hour law for bakers, laws prohibiting discrimination against trade union workers, the minimum wage law for women, as violative of due process, did so "with the sole purpose of protecting the freedom of the individual, of guarding his earnings, his home, his life." Mr. Davis evidently knows better, for he is significantly silent about the "due process" and the "equal protection of the laws" clauses, and the actual results of their judicial interpretation. Mr. Davis must know that these broad "guarantees" in favor of the individual are expressed in words so undefined, either by their intrinsic meaning, or by history, or by tradition, that they leave the individual Justice free, if indeed they do not actually compel him, to fill in the vacuum with his own controlling notions of economic, social and industrial facts with reference to which they are invoked. These judicial judgments are thus bound to be determined by the experience, the environment, the fears, the imagination of the different Justices. For it cannot be too often made clear that the meaning of phrases like "due process of law," and of simple terms like "liberty" and "property," is not revealed within the Constitution; their meaning is derived from without. As a great legal scholar has put it, social legislation of the twentieth century is declared unconstitutional by putting eighteenth century Adam Smith into the Constitution. As an outstanding and candid member of the federal bench, Judge Charles M. Hough, reminds us, due process of law is a phrase of "convenient vagueness." "Convenient" for whom, or to what end?

These are the clauses—"due process" and "equal protection of the laws"—which have brought forth the most abundant crop of judicial nullifications, and through which the most effective barrier has been raised against utilizing the inherent flexibilities of our Constitution for the adaptation of our traditional legal system to modern needs. The activity of our courts in bending the "conveniently vague" language of due process to the dominant service of vested property interests is a relatively recent tendency of our constitutional law. The Fourteenth Amendment, "politically intent on the Negro, and with nothing else in mind," afforded the courts the opportunity, about forty years ago, to curb those tendencies towards economic and social readjustements of which the Granger Movement was the beginning. Until the Fourteenth Amendment was written into the Constitution each state was the exclusive judge of its domestic life. The Fourteenth Amendment, as interpreted by judges fearful of the new economic and social ferment, subjected the detailed local affairs of the forty-eight states to the supervision, ultimately, of five men at Washington.

For nearly a hundred years the due process clause restricting the federal government had lain inactive or strictly confined in the Fifth Amendment. The exuberant application given to the clause in the Fourteenth Amendment was now carried over to the Fifth Amendment, and federal as well as state legislation had to meet the growingly unknown and unknowable terrors of due process. And so we reach, for the present at least, the culmination of a long line of legislative fatalities in the decision striking down the District of Columbia minimum wage law for women which led even Chief Justice Taft in his dissenting opinion to speak out in meeting: "It is not the function of this Court to hold congressional acts invalid simply because they are passed to carry out economic views which the Court believes to be unwise or unsound."

The sophisticated suggestion is sometimes made that the Supreme Court has invalidated only a few laws, compared with the total which has passed muster. It isn't true! A numerical tally of the cases does not tell the tale. In the first place, all laws are not of the same importance. We are here concerned with matters that involve qualitative judgment. Secondly, a single decision may decide the fate of a great body of legislation, as was true of Coppage v. Kansas, declaring invalid a Kansas law prohibiting discrimination against trade unionists and more recently in the District of Columbia minimum wage case. Moreover, the discouragement of legislative efforts in fields related to that involved in a particular adjudication and the general weakening of the sense of legislative responsibility have wrought incalculable harm to the fruitful development of American political life. These are the themes upon which the electorate is entitled to hear from a presidential candidate who professes, as does Mr. Davis, progressivism as well as candor in public discussion, and whose past peculiarly charges him with the responsibility of educating the American people to an understanding of the actual workings of our constitutional system. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis on the stump only repeats the conservative platitudes which last year he expressed as president of the American Bar Association.

Angling for Progressive votes Mr. Davis withheld on the stump one illuminating comment which he made as president of the American Bar Association: "Much of the current discontent is caused perhaps by the publication of dissenting opinions which serve to fan the flame of public distrust." Evidently, the real culprits are men like Mr. Justice Hughes, Mr. Justice Holmes, Mr. Justice Brandeis, and occasionally even Chief Justice Taft (as in the minimum wage case), who, from time to time, expressed their objection to the slaughtering of social legislation on the altar of the dogma of "liberty

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of contract." Criticism of dissents is not to be wondered at in one who emphasizes, as did Mr. Davis in his Labor Day speech, "the right of free contract." It is this doctrine which the Supreme Court has used as a sword with which to slay most important social legislation and to deny the means of freedom to those least free. To invoke it is to indulge in sterile abstractions and cruelly to shut one's eyes to cases like Lochner v. New York, Adair v. United States, Coppage v. Kansas, Adams v. Tanner, Hitchman Coal Company v. Mitchell, Truax v. Corrigan, Adkins v. Children's Hospital. Mr. Davis is silent about such decisions, but he cannot be ignorant of them.

The contribution of Senator La Follette and the Progressive platform lies in the ventilation of this grave issue rather than in the specific remedies proposed. In this respect the Progressive campaign is not unlike that of 1912. No student of American constitutional law can have the slightest doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous challenge of judicial abuses was mainly responsible for a temporary period of liberalism which followed in the interpretation of the due process clauses, however much abhorrent the remedy of judicial recall appeared to both bar and bench. The public opinion which the Progressive campaign aroused subtly penetrated the judicial atmosphere. In cases involving social-industrial issues public opinion if adequately informed and sufficiently sustained seeps into Supreme Court decisions. Roosevelt shrewdly observed: "I may not know much about law, but I do know one can put the fear of God into judges." The "fear of God" was needed to make itself felt on the bench in 1912. The "fear of God" very much needs to make itself felt in 1924. Let any disinterested student of constitutional law read the decision of the Supreme Court last spring invalidating legislation fixing a standard rate for a loaf of bread and deny that we have never had a more irresponsible period in the history of that court.

But the "fear of God" is too capricious, too intermittent. We need most the wisdom of man. What is needed is a thorough understanding of our constitutional system in action, as a basis of determining what is the proper scope of judicial control, and what conditions are most likely to insure the exercise of this tremendous power by ordinary mortals, to avoid at once the abuses of tyranny and the timidities of dependence. Particularly does it behoove Progressives not to content themselves with mere abuse of abuses, nor to fall back upon mechanical contrivances when dealing with a process where mechanics can play but a very small part. An informed study of the work of the Supreme Court of the United States will probably lead to the conclusion that no nine men are wise enough and good enough to be entrusted with the power which the unlimited provisions of the due process clauses confer. We have had fifty years of experiment with the Fourteenth Amendment, and the centralizing authority lodged with the Supreme Court over the domestic affairs of forty-eight widely different states is an authority which it simply cannot discharge with safety either to itself or to the states. The due process clauses ought to go. It is highly significant that not a single constitution framed for English-speaking countries since the Fourteenth Amendment has embodied its provisions. And one would indeed be lacking in a sense of humor to suggest that life, liberty or property is not amply protected in Canada, Australia, South Africa. By eliminating this class of cases the Supreme Court would really be relieved of a contentiously political burden. It would free itself to meet more adequately the jurisdiction which would remain and which ought to remain. The Court would still exercise the most delicate and powerful function in our dual system of government. To discharge it wisely, it needs a constant play of informed criticism by the professional as well as the lay press. This, in turn, implies an alertly progressive bar, the product of a lively spirit of legal education at our universities, and a public opinion trustful of the workings of our judiciary because the trust is justified by its exercise.

Mr. Dawes Explains

AFTER two months of silence Mr. Dawes, through his attorney, replies in the Independent of September 13 to the article DeBunking Mr. Dawes, printed in the New Republic of July 9. The editors of the Independent print a letter from John Barton Payne, whom they describe as "Chairman of the American Red Cross, formerly Chairman of the Shipping Board, and later Secretary of the Interior." Mr. Payne more candidly identified himself as "Counsel for General Dawes and the Central Trust Company of Illinois, of which he was president."

Mr. Payne's letter is simply a condensed brief for the defendant, Mr. Dawes, in a case which has been decided against the defendant by the Supreme Court of Illinois. The issue lies, it seems to us, not between Mr. Dawes and the New Republic, or its contributor, but between Mr. Dawes and the Supreme Court of Illinois. Mr. Dawes, at the request of former Senator William Lorimer, delivered to Lorimer $1,250,000 cash, which was counted by the state auditor as the property of Lorimer's state bank, then in process of organization. This money was immediately returned to Mr. Dawes's bank after it had been thus used to satisfy the requirement of the state banking law that the capital stock and surplus should be paid in cash. The money was thus used to support the affidavit of Mr. Lorimer's directors stating that the capital and surplus "is actually paid in, in cash, and no part thereof is in notes or pledges of any description."

The Supreme Court of Illinois found the Cen-

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tral Trust Company to be liable because it had represented that the $1,250,000 was the property of the Lorimer Bank and held "it must make good its representation and must account for the money so wrongfully taken by it."

Mr. Dawes's attorney argued in court, and repeats the argument in the Independent, that counting the cash was a mere technical requirement. The Supreme Court of Illinois held "the counting of the money is spoken of as a technical requirement of the auditor, but if it is properly regarded as a technical requirement, nobody could reasonably imagine that the counting of $1,250,000 of anybody's money would satisfy the requirement. It was the bank's capital and surplus about which the auditor was to satisfy himself and the exhibition and delivery of the money to him was as the bank's capital, which was stated in the affidavit to be in the possession of the bank's officers and was produced from their depositary for his inspection."

Mr. Dawes's attorney appeals from the Supreme Court of Illinois "to the mob" (to use Mr. Dawes's own expression). He writes "it was shown at the trial without contradiction that the leading banks of the state had done hundreds of times what General Dawes and the Central Trust Company did."

Apparently other banks had previously evaded the letter of the law, but to state that leading banks had done "precisely what General Dawes and the Central Trust Company did" is a terrific libel on Illinois banks and one which cannot be sustained; particularly since other bankers had refused in this case to do what Mr. Dawes did. Mr. Dawes's attorney says that "the good faith of the transaction was definitely recognized by the courts." In support of this he quotes from what he calls "the Appellate Court of Illinois"—meaning thereby the opinion of one judge who held Mr. Dawes's bank liable for $978,029.11. A second judge dissented holding the bank liable for $1,250,000, plus interest. A third judge concurred, holding the bank liable for $597,411.94, plus interest. The Supreme Court held that whether Mr. Dawes had any fraudulent intention or made any profit was "immaterial." Therefore, no court has judicially exonorated Mr. Dawes, although one judge attempts to soften the sting of a million dollar judgment.

Mr. Payne states that Mr. Dawes was "actuated wholly by unselfish generosity," and that "no possible basis exists for criticism of General Dawes. His act was a mere courtesy extended to a neighbor without charge or hope of reward." Mr. Dawes's own bank filed an answer in this case stating that Mr. Dawes and his cousin the cashier of the bank, had acted without the knowledge or authority of the board of directors or executive committee and that any acts done by them of that character were beyond their authority. This seems a rather severe criticism of Mr. Dawes by his own bank; and the holding of the Supreme Court that the bank must account for $1,250,000 wrongfully taken by it, combined with the repudiation of Mr. Dawes's acts by his bank indicates that perhaps Mr. Dawes and Mr. Payne alone feel that "no possible basis exists for criticism." To others, Mr. Dawes's close political association with Lorimer will seem to furnish an explanation of his "unselfish generosity" with the funds of his bank.

The editors of the Independent performed a real public service in printing this defense against the decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Finding that "an unfair and unjustified attack had been made on the Republican vice-presidential candidate" they wrote to various persons in order to be able to combat what they called "the prejudice of Mr. Richberg's innuendoes." The best they were able to obtain in the way of an impartial defender of Mr. Dawes was Mr. Dawes's own attorney, whom they quote as "speaking with authority." Yet it may be submitted that the Supreme Court of Illinois speaks with more authority than the attorney for a losing defendant. However, the Independent in its editorial comment reveals a new and interesting phase of this controversy. They quote Mr. Dawes's attorney as having written to the chairman of the Democratic national committee advising him not to make "the mistake of adopting or pressing this matter as a criticism of General Dawes whose conduct from beginning to end was in the highest sense admirable."

Thus we see with exceptional clearness the working of the bi-party system. The Republican vice-presidential candidate has been involved in a questionable transaction, to recite details of which, according to the Independent, implies that he "was either a knave or a fool, and more probably a knave." The attorney for the Republican vice-presidential candidate is fortunately an influential Democrat, a former cabinet officer. He warns the Democratic organization not to attack the Republican candidate in his most vulnerable spot. In return for this favor, we may assume that the Republican candidate will not attack the Democratic candidate in his most vulnerable spot. In fact we observe Mr. Dawes devoting his major energies to attacking Senator La Follette.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRES., ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS.,
DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON R. M. LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY H. N. BRAILSFORD LEO WOLMAN

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Why I Shall Vote for La Follette-III

AN enormous respect for facts as compared with protestations is the foundation of my support of Senator La Follette for President.

My home town is in Wisconsin, and thus for years I have been accumulating facts about the Senator. "It was not always so." At first I believed the protestations of those interested in the special interests and in the political bosses whom he was opposing. In those days the political bible of the people was its newspapers. One did not ask who owned the press or dictated its policy or wrote its editorials. One believed. I believed. And I even believed the well-worn catch comments of those who also believed. Governor La Follette was a disturbing influence, "insurgent," dangerous. I said so when, after living for three years in New York, I came back to Wisconsin to stay. And my father uttered a sentence which I have had cause to remember:

"You are wrong about him. He is a great statesman. And he can neither be bought nor hypnotized."

It was then that I began assembling facts about Governor La Follette. It was not easy. The mass of misinformation about him equals that concerning the motions of the earth in the days of Ptolemy. The chief wrongs of the age of any great statesman are first, the wrongs which he himself is combating, and second, the misinformation which is circulated concerning him. And one set of evils does almost as much harm as the other. I wish I could believe that the principal facts of Senator La Follette's political life are known to the voters of the nation. Not protestations. Not promises. Not political philosophy alone. Not denunciation of anybody else, but facts, facts, facts concerning his record. He has never built on anything else. It is with facts above all that he comes to the voters now, asking them to analyze and interpret and then judge for themselves.

It is not enough for those who believe in him to declare that he is not a destroyer of business stability, or dangerous, and that he does not wish to "undermine the Constitution"—nor even to "leave the country to the mercy of Congress." It is no good answering these questions by opinions or loyalties. Facts alone can be the spokesmen. And if there are those who ask whether he lacks judgment, they must be those who do not know the facts which answer and so eloquently explain—facts like these Wisconsin facts:

That it was La Follette who first said that the railroads of Wisconsin should not pay merely a license on gross earnings, but should have a physical valuation—even though this did force them to pay $600,000 annually in additional taxes.

That when this railroad tax legislation was passed, it was La Follette and his progressives who brought about railroad rate legislation in Wisconsin, lest that $600,000 of additional taxes should come out of the pockets of the public. And that the whole matter of railroad rebates to large shippers underwent a transformation at the same time.

That it was La Follette who attacked the political convention system in Wisconsin, and abolished it, and brought about direct nomination of candidates at preferential primaries.

That it was La Follette who forced campaign expenditures both to be limited and made public in the state.

Thus railways, political bosses, some employers and a proportion of political candidates in Wisconsin were the ones who first called La Follette dangerous. He was dangerous. But the danger was to them and not to the people.

Then Governor La Follette went to Washington as senator, where he had been twenty years before as congressman. And here are some facts about him after he went to the capitol:

That he and his progressives believed that if such legislation was good for Wisconsin, it was good for the nation. That they formulated platforms expressing these principles and presented them to four national Republican conventions, saw them rejected by the platform committees, presented them to the convention as minority reports and heard them hissed by the national Republican party in convention assembled. Hissed because the planks were dangerous to business stability, because La Follette was a radical, because he was a "Red."

Were those platforms so dangerous? Because some of us must have forgotten what they were, or else they would not now be called into question, here are the facts concerning their chief planks:

One provided for the physical valuation of the railroads of the whole country; and is now a law.

One provided for the exemption of labor organizations from the anti-trust laws; and is now a law.

One provided for the election of senators by direct vote; and is now a law.

One provided for publicity of campaign contributions and expenditures; and is now a law.

One provided for the creation of a Department of Labor; and is a law.

One provided for the extension of the eight-hour law to all government employes; and is a law.

One called for the creation of a tariff commission; and is a law.

One called for the creation of a federal trade commission; and is a law.

One pledged to build, own and operate a railroad in Alaska, and is a law.

One pledges to extend the postal service to in-

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clude the parcel post—that familiar daily visitor!

One plank favored the impending income tax law.

One favored the extension of suffrage to women—eight years before the regular Republican convention endorsed equal suffrage.

One could go on through the list of twenty-seven planks presented by the La Follette minority groups at those four conventions, and now enacted into law. Here are facts which are campaign material whether for or against him, but nevertheless facts.

And here is another fact which surely cannot be remembered by those who fear his judgment, namely: That from 1903 to 1911 he fought to have 40,000,000 acres of Alaska mineral land placed under an Alaskan board of public works so that minerals, fuel, oil, gas or asphalt lands should be reserved from entry or sale. He had already been instrumental in doing this for the coal lands in Alaska. But not until three years after the Ballinger scandal of 1911 was the Alaska Coal Lands Act passed.

Also, our neighbor, Dakota, knows a fact or two concerning La Follette's handling of a matter when 11,000,000 acres of the Dakota Sioux Reservation were opened, and the railroads were to be given "terminal facilities"—160 acres, every ten miles. And when he got through an amendment giving the railroads twenty acres every ten miles instead, and prohibiting the sale of the land for town sites or for any other purpose, there was new fuel for his reputation as a menace to stability.

And there is that picturesque fact of his exposure and defeat of the "foreign trader" joker in the revenue bill of 1921 which carried a rider providing that any citizen of the United States, 80 percent of whose income should be derived from foreign investments, should enjoy that 80 percent free from federal taxation. Under this provision it was necessary only for wealth to be withdrawn from industries here and invested abroad in order to escape federal taxation. The only voice originally raised against this provision was Senator La Follette's voice, but when he asked for and obtained a record vote, his amendment to strike that provision from the bill was sustained, 35 to 30. Government tax experts estimate that the exemption of the "foreign trader" from taxation would have meant a loss of revenue to the government of $300,000,000.

Facts about his stand on the Aldrich currency bill, on the federal reserve bank's deflation policy, on the sales tax, on militarism, or soldiers' bonus, on financial imperialism with which the South American republics have been menaced; and facts on the doctrine that the flag—and the boys—should follow investments into foreign countries; innumerable facts, all pointing in the same direction, are facts which everybody alarmed about stability should be asked to discuss. And one threat—a shining menace, surely, to stability!

> . . . And I say that when you get the truth of all this before the American people [the $5,000,000,000 appropriated for war in 1920] they will sweep from power and place representatives who dare to oppose prompt and effective disarmament.

I cannot support any candidate about whom statements or promises or prophesies or visions are made which cannot be borne out by his record—fact after fact after fact, written into his legislative or congressional or ambassadorial or presidential life. Nothing counts but facts. I shall vote for Senator La Follette because his record marks him a man who is awake to the eternal motion of the world away from the control of the few to the expression of the many; a man whose acts bear witness to his words.

ZONA GALE.

Is a Franco-German Bloc Coming?

FROM time to time the menace—or the promise—of a continental bloc is seen in Europe. England always takes alarm at the possibility of such a combination, and her enemies are thus enabled to assert once more that the traditional policy of England is to keep France and Germany divided in order that England can throw her weight on either side in the balance of powers. The taunt is not altogether deserved for at any rate during the past few years British opinion has been prepared for a Franco-German reconciliation even at the expense of England.

By the expression continental bloc is meant above all a Franco-German understanding. Hitherto such an understanding was taken to mean a political association. Now it takes the shape of a commercial association though necessarily politicians must take their cue from the big business men in such a matter. However much it may be desired that France and Germany shall "make it up," it is certain that their union in the economic as well as in the political sphere would to some extent hurt England. A Franco-German combination would be immensely powerful and the two countries together would undoubtedly dominate Europe.

Nevertheless in spite of the obvious disadvantages which special and individual interests would suffer it would make for the peace of the world if such an agreement could be brought about. It has already been pointed out in The New Republic that the prospect of a new war between France and Germany is, under present conditions and in spite of the Dawes reparations plan, by no means remote. The alternative is a series of accords, some of them poli-

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tical, some of them industrial. Some of them would have to be concluded by the governments, but others, and those the more important would have to be concluded by the industrialists on both sides of the Rhine.

The commercial treaty which has been discussed between France and Germany would of course concern itself chiefly with tariffs. It seems to me that such a treaty is inevitable. It must never be forgotten that Alsace-Lorraine for fifty years—that is to say during the period which may properly be described as the period of industrial expansion—belonged to Germany; and Alsace-Lorraine has been so fashioned that it looks and must continue to look towards Germany rather than towards France. It would never do to erect a customs barrier between the recovered provinces and Germany. The treaty of Versailles gave special privileges to Alsace-Lorraine. But these privileges come to an end in January of next year and Germany is free to frame a commercial treaty with France or to refuse to renew the Alsace-Lorraine privileges. It is in the interest of the two countries to strike a bargain, and it is almost unthinkable, now that a somewhat better feeling prevails because of the so-called reparations settlement, that such a treaty will not be arranged.

That will be quite possibly the beginning of a rapprochement. It may be taken as an indisputable fact that France is becoming sceptical about the collection of reparations and that unless she has reason to exploit this non-collection for political purposes we shall gradually see the abandonment of all effective claims on Germany. The provision of the Dawes report which exonerates Germany from blame if the transfer committee finds it undersirable to transfer payments from Germany, is unquestionably the most important provision; and it will be surprising if it does not quickly result in a complete collapse of the Dawes scheme. France no more than any other country wants the free delivery of goods which will swamp her markets, and as there is hardly any other shape in which transfers can be made it will quickly be found that both countries will be better off in making direct business arrangements.

As long as the reparations dispute was pursued with acrimony there could be no question of a continental bloc. But when the pressure of France is relieved, when there is more normal interplay of interests, together with the growth of genuine sentiments of peace and goodwill, then it is natural that the possibilities of a pact should be studied. One of the chief reproaches made against M. Caillaux and the Radicals was that they always had a hankering after a Franco-German alliance. But even the Nationalists in France have turned their attention in this direction. When the Ruhr was occupied there were from time to time hints of a big deal. The present writer pointed out the significance of certain propaganda and was severely taken to task by representative Frenchmen who denied emphatically that they could ever think of such a bargain. In spite of denials, however, the evidence that even the Nationalists were prepared to come to terms with Germany accumulated. The idea of a Franco-German economic alliance was in the minds of French statesmen and French business men. M. Millerand as long ago as 1920 tentatively encouraged the notion, and M. Poincaré, strange as it may appear, cherished occult designs which on one occasion at least he acknowledged. The former French Premier believed that when he had seized as many pledges as possible France would be in a better bargaining position. When it was objected that the possession of these pledges would arouse so much hostility as to offset the bargaining advantages, it was replied that public opinion would quickly forget such grievances as the occupation of the Ruhr if the authorities desired such forgetfulness.

With regard to the Comité des Forges there was from the beginning a frankness about its aims which, curiously enough, did not receive the attention it deserved. The French control of the Ruhr was accepted by the French metallurgists as placing them in a predominant position. They felt that they would be able to dictate terms. They were playing for high stakes. It would be foolish to generalize about the causes of the War or the causes of the Ruhr occupation. They are too complex to be stated in a few lines. But it is at least partially true that the Great War and the Ruhr struggle were not unconnected with the desire on the German side and on the French side to bring the principal sources of iron and coal under one control. Germany did not fight purely in order to obtain possession of the French basin of Briey and Longwy, but the German industrialists realized that if once they could compel the incorporation of Briey and Longwy into the German system, German industry would be incomparably stronger. It was remarked during the War that the Germans were careful not to destroy these rich mining districts although it was in their power to do so and from the immediate point of view of winning the War it was to their advantage to do so. They refrained, it could only be supposed, because they hoped themselves to make use of Briey and Longwy. No other explanation has ever been given why the military men did not pursue the purely military game. They were surely influenced to some extent by the German industrialists. In the same way although the French politicians did not occupy the Ruhr deliberately on behalf of the French industrialists it is apparent that the French industrialists were willing for such a policy to be carried out and that it suited, as they thought, their book. They thought that they could force the hand of the German industrialists.

The use of force has failed on both sides. Germany lost the War and could not capture Briey and Longwy. France lost the battle of the Ruhr and could not coerce the German industrialists. The Germans were not to be bluffed. They knew that

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the French could not stay forever in the Ruhr and they preferred to suffer stoically for a short time rather than give way and conclude a permanent disadvantageous accord. If the Ruhr was crippled so was Lorraine. The stoppage of Ruhr deliveries of coke and coal meant the closing down of the Lorraine blast furnaces and the iron ore of the district was piled up uselessly until it was hardly worth while to continue to extract it. In short, both France and Germany—that is to say the French and German metallurgists and mine owners—were badly hit. But the Germans would not surrender. They could afford to stand their losses. They were willing enough to make a business deal but not under compulsion. Thus the Ruhr policy of France did not help, but hindered, an accord. Not until France and Germany were able to talk to each other on an equal footing could there be any prospect of an economic agreement.

Now the table is cleared. The revolvers have been stowed away in their pockets by both the French and the Germans. They can get down to facts and consider whether they should form a huge consortium and cease their rivalry.

It has already been seen that the potash proprietors of Alsace and the potash proprietors of Germany have forgotten political passions and have come to terms. They have agreed not to fight each other but to combine. They have agreed to stand together and to keep their monopoly. They have agreed to cut up the American market between them. Precisely the same kind of arrangement is being concluded between the textile manufacturers of Alsace-Lorraine, and although this problem is more complicated, it cannot be doubted that textile makers and dye fabricants will soon be working in harmony.

There are therefore precedents. The metallurgists and mine owners have an example set before them. They can hardly fail to strike a bargain. Alsace-Lorraine simply cannot do without Germany though Germany could quite conceivably do without Alsace-Lorraine. But the French can offer considerable inducements to Germany and in my opinion there is the greatest probability that this immense dramatic struggle for coal and iron will result in the formation of a gigantic trust which will control not only the Ruhr and Lorraine, but other French and German mining and manufacturing districts besides other vastly important regions in central European countries along the Danube.

The British commercial secretary for occupied territory, Mr. C. J. Kavanagh, clearly sets out the possibilities in his annual report. He is under no such illusion as are many people who pretend that Franco-German collaboration simply means a reversion to pre-war conditions in as much as Alsace-Lorraine before the War formed part of the field of operation of the German syndicate. Much more than Alsace-Lorraine will be included. The output of France proper will be added and the Franco-German interests outside their own countries will be united. Germany doubtless supposes that she would quickly become the predominant partner, but the French realize that they would have some control of the great European arsenals, and would restore Lorraine, the Saar, and Luxembourg, to the economic circuit. There would be an economically sound exchange of ores and semi-finished steel, and a permanent assurance to the metallurgical industries of Lorraine and the Saar of the Ruhr coke on which they are absolutely dependent, besides a control of the cheap German labor which without an agreement will ultimately put the French metallurgical industry hors de combat. It is also pointed out that the French during their occupation of the Ruhr learned all the German industrial secrets and this fact alone will help to break down any German opposition to an accord.

We have come to a stage in which we shall perhaps see a race between Great Britain and France to conclude commercial agreements with Germany. Germany has so long been placed in an inferior position that it sounds somewhat surprising to represent her as being wooed both by France and England. But in spite of fleeting accidental circumstances, Germany is still potentially the strongest industrial power on the continent of Europe, and her true strength is now recognized. The conclusion of a Franco-German convention would bring perturbations, but on the whole it would make for European prosperity and for European peace, and therefore although we may be appalled at the unparalleled magnitude of the metallurgical trust which swings into sight, it would be well not to view it with suspicion and alarm. Nobody in any case can prevent the logical accomplishment of destiny.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

After

Here are the properties: a wintry rose
With rust, like stains of blood upon its petals,
A thin, smooth-beaten moon; a wind that blows
Only to bear the breath of hopeless battles.

The hint of early snows; a falling star,
Swift in its rise and swifter in its setting—
These are my funeral harmonies, these are
The pitch of loss, the accent of forgetting.

What mockery their music is to me,
Crying for what not even the mind remembers.
My spirit is not autumn's. Let me be
Tortured with living fire, not its embers.

There was a forest blazing in the sun,
Through which we laughed and ran, your dark hair waving...
But what is that to us. What's done is done.
Leave the dead clay. It is not worth the having.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Our Professional Patriots

VI. Bigger and Better Americans

PATRIOTIC vision is never clearer than when it looks upon the problems of modern education. "There is nothing," said the patriot to me, "to be surprised at in Loeb and Leopold. With all this radicalism in the colleges, what do you expect?" Education may puzzle educators: to the patriot it is the log off which he rolls most comfortably.

The formula is simple. Teach the Constitution and scrag academic expression of political or social opinion and, if any liberal student opinion crops up, scrag that, too, and particularly scrag a rather impalpable thing called the Youth Movement which is derived from Germany and supported by Moscow. To give you the general aspect of this field of patriot endeavor and vigilance, let me tell you at once that all college faculties are riddled with borings-from-within and that the well-dressed student, who, in the old days, rallied around a keg of beer now rallies around the works of Karl Marx and that, in the lower schools, the weeds are rank upon the baseball diamonds because the teachers assemble knickerbockers and pinafores alike to plot the overthrow of the United States government by force and violence. This last is particularly true since the repeal of the Lusk laws. As to the women's colleges they are engaged busily in the manufacture of new generations of the most dangerous woman in America. On this point the warning voice of President Coolidge himself rings out—see the recent files of the Delineator.

Mr. R. M. Whitney and I had a long talk about education in his Washington office of the American Defense Society. I went in particularly to ask him about the Youth Movement on which he has written an exhaustive and interesting brochure which I shall, presently, review. On matters of education, however, I failed miserably to convince him. He failed, quite as miserably, to convince me. I may as well confess that I am afflicted with a prejudice against conservative youth. My prejudice amounts to a conviction that the undergraduate who is not politically and socially venturesome isn't likely to survive the cruel graduate period during which he earns less than his boss's janitor. At least, I don't expect such a conservative young man to come through his after college ordeal with much to contribute toward the progress of civilization. And, in my rashness, I said all this to Mr. Whitney, striving to rouse him to a memory of some theories which he might once have held and which have not contaminated his later life.

But Mr. Whitney could remember nothing of the sort out of his college period beyond a certain predilection for atheism and, of course, overthrowing God is nothing to overthrowing government. So I came away defeated. I did not know that Mr. Whitney, on behalf of his society, had just had the whole question out with President Hopkins of Dartmouth.

In fact, Mr. Whitney had only just been writing to President Hopkins to ask him if it were true that he wanted Lenin and Trotzky to join his collection of lecturers. According to rumors which burned in Mr. Whitney's sensitive ears, something of the sort had been said by President Hopkins to a Chicago gathering of Dartmouth alumni.

The real words proved unworthy of the patriotic expectations. The real words so often do. One has to twist them out of context to make any patriotic capital of them. These real words of President Hopkins came out of an assertion that it does not hurt men to hear the opinions of extremists.

> If those responsible for a theory of government which now dominates an eighth of the earth's surface and a great host of her people were available for the explanation of their theories to the undergraduate body, I should be glad to have the students hear them and to have them form their judgment of the dangers or merits of Bolshevism on the basis of direct evidence rather than through the inconsistent and contradictory pronouncements of anti-Bolshevist propaganda.

Mr. Whitney had hoped "that the directors of the studies of the minds of the youth of America would be careful of the material they fed the immature minds of the coming generation." Mr. Whitney opined "that such remarks as those credited to you could well have been inspired in Moscow." Mr. Whitney signed himself "yours for national loyalty." President Hopkins answered:

> I believe that truth has nothing to fear from error if truth be untrammelled at all times and if error be denied the sanctity conferred upon it by persecution or concealment. . . It is far more important to stimulate the minds of college men to thought than to prescribe what should be thought, or where denial should enter in to tell them what they could not think . . . The American undergraduate of from eighteen to twenty-two years old is on the threshold of manhood and is capable of stripping error from truth as he is capable of distinguishing hypocrisy from genuineness, in both of which he is superior to the average man whose interest has become highly professionalized as apart from the general interest of the college undergraduate.

President Coolidge, in the Delineator, quotes Pope on bending the twig to incline the tree, and Pope and President Coolidge, between them, do un-

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doubtedly express the patriot's reason for sending sons to college. In spite of them, however, there is to be found in all undergraduate generations a small leavening of boys who think for themselves. In spite of Pope and Coolidge, those boys represent the salvation of the college faculty's self-respect and the justification of the college opportunity known erroneously as college training. Because that is just what our gamesome, meddling colleges happen to afford: an opportunity (real for all the obstructions in its path) to think, if one wants to, without the impediments of experience. To think, with the tremendous asset, if you please, of what these fearful patriots call immaturity, or the time when a man's mind is more flexible and keen than it is ever likely to be again. I don't see that it matters if the young thinkers go in for a certain amount of—well, of foolishness. Thinking itself isn't foolish and being young isn't foolish. Thinking is the most important of all activities—and the younger begun the better. After all, as the leaders of the Youth Movement assert, the hope of the future and the responsibility for the future are in the hands of the young. That statement may arouse patriot fury, but it happens to be true, none the less.

The American Defense Society inflicted a questionnaire upon the colleges. It was marked by the same wistful spirit of lament that pervades Ralph Easley's Questions for Every Good American to Consider. I have no information regarding the response which the various colleges vouchsafed. These questionnaires on radical courses and radical students cannot be expected to make any sense. They are somewhat after the manner of: How many of your professors are Socialists? Do you give courses which advocate the overthrow of the government? What books do your students read? What Socialist organizations does your student body support?

I've forgotten which patriot it was who told me that he "would judge every book used in connection with education upon the grounds of its social application to American institutions and that it would be no loss to scrap Russian and German literature completely and a good deal of English literature, too." It is a little bit pathetic to think of the patriot trying to get satisfaction out of one of his educational questionnaires. He doesn't find much information about Socialist professors and he can't locate any courses in Socialism per se. He has to make it all up out of the borings-from-within that lurk beneath the smiling mask of instruction in economics and sociology and to find what shudders he can in the dark possibilities of English departments and freshman courses in philosophy.,

One of the most amusing bits of patriot meddling in education is Ralph Easley's symposium on H. G. Wells's Outline of History. The Civic Federation undertook the symposium out of recognition of:

> . . . the added prestige secured by Mr. Wells for his Socialistic propaganda . . . because of the extraordinarily favorable reception given his Outline of History by certain groups including some leading educators; the danger that the Wells influence, hitherto largely confined to the readers of his popular fiction would be extended into our schools and colleges; and the speech made at Mount Holyoke College by President M. Cary Thomas of Bryn Mawr suggesting her approval of the introduction of the Wells "history" as a text book in colleges.

The National Civic Federation got the symposium up very handsomely in pamphlet form and Condé Pallen wrote the introduction:

> No one man is more representative of the wave of "radicalism," pseudo-liberalism and Socialism, that has been spreading among our educated classes since the Armistice, than Mr. Wells. His views and methods are those of the entire pseudo-liberal movement and the reception accorded his work is identical to that given in the same circles to the work of Bernard Shaw, Romain Rolland, Anatole France and other less important figures who have either joined the Communist party (like Anatole France) or have openly defended their bloodiest policies (like Bernard Shaw) or have become apologists for the Soviets. . . While indicating that this disguised revolutionary propaganda is far from capturing our colleges, the symposium shows that it has secured a favorable and even friendly reception in many places . . . it constitutes a decided menace unless it is counteracted not merely by purely defensive criticism, but by the indignant repudiation it deserves.

Mr. John Hays Hammond has no doubt "that many of the colleges are permeated with Communism and Bolshevist teachings. There rests with the trustees a great responsibility to see that the youth of the nation is not exposed to insidious propaganda taught by doctrinaires and fanatic professors." Mr. Dwight Braman of the Allied Patriots has found one professor who is nicknamed "Trotzky" by his students and the Better America Federation of California has found four professors of Leland Stanford Jr. University all of whom voted for Debs. The Better Americans have a book on such professors. And here is just a bit from Ralph Easley to the president of a small and highly respectable Episcopal college in New York:

> Personally . . . I should like some eminent psychologist to analyze that hypnotic Svengalic power of yours which enables you with such ease to perform the wonderful feat of convincing rich men and women that they should aid you in the promotion of doctrines which will mean . . . their reduction, as in Petrograd and Moscow, to the position of factory floor sweepers and garbage collectors . . . What an amount of good could be accomplished if only these wonderful powers of yours could be utilized for the promotion of wholesome doctrines!

It isn't until you come to the women's colleges that the educational effects of boring from within can be seen to complete patriotic satisfaction. There

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they become apparent to Mr. Coolidge; no less so to Mr. Fred R. Marvin of the Searchlight and the Keymen. From the Searchlight file on "Schools and Colleges, Radicalism in," I gently lift the following which Mr. Marvin, in his turn, lifted from a report of the Massachusetts Public Interests League:

> To send a wholesome American girl to college at great expense, and to have her returned at the end of her course a "Pink" or a Red, convinced that patriotism is silly, that to support the Constitution of the United States is to be reactionary, . . . that the Youth Movement, made in Germany and strenuously seeking a foothold in our colleges, is the last word in progress, is somewhat hard on the girl's parents, not to mention the fact that she becomes, in consequence, an undesirable type of citizen. . .

In fairness to Mr. Coolidge, I must allow his articles on this division of my subject to amplify Mr. Marvin and his constituents (as quoted) of Boston. Enemies of the Republic, the Coolidge articles are called. There is a subhead: Are the Reds Stalking Our College Women? They open with a refreshing statement of the purposes of education:

> The power of the race to survive has depended upon the faculty of imitation more closely than upon that of originality. It is more easy and natural to be imitative than to be original. It requires time and effort to think. . . It has therefore become more important than ever that the ready-made opinions that are to pass current should be correct. They should reflect respect, not disloyalty, toward our institutions. . . There is no doubt that the heart of our women's colleges is sound. . . But they are now ministering to a new element which sometimes exhibits morbid tendencies. . . The spirit of this radical element is. . . expressed by a student in the Vassar Miscellany News: "I know what I am. I'm not pessimistic. I'm not optimistic. I'm antagonistic."

If the prodigious patriotism can move our chief executive to such staggering dialectic, we have, I think, discovered the real peril of patriotism.

One by one, the President takes up the women's colleges, safely documented from their published works. In Barnard, for example, he is immeasurably pained to find the Barnard Bulletin proclaiming that it is easy for a Barnard student to pick up the principles of Socialism and he is overwhelmed to learn that Professor Robinson considers colleges "antiquated, but not intelligent enough to be malignantly so." There is terror, too, in the President of Harvard, as a side dish, because Mr. Lowell wants his professors to tell the truth.

Smith seemed sane to the President, and Mount Holyoke offended only in its library shelves and Bryn Mawr came almost up to scratch. But in Wellesley he found a professor of philosophy who had voted for Debs and been guilty of internationalist utterances. Yes, Wellesley and Radcliffe were in a pretty bad way. Radcliffe he describes as a hot bed of Bolshevism.

> And Radcliffe representatives in an inter-collegiate debate supported the affirmative in the question: Resolved: that the recognition of labor unions by employers is essential to successful collective bargaining.

Now then, very softly:

> In order to present first hand evidence. . . it has been necessary to sacrifice an orderly and logical narrative to such accuracy of quotation as will enable the readers to draw their own conclusions.

Concerning this "Schools and Colleges, Radicalism in," division of Mr. Marvin's museum of horrors, let me remind you of a rather obscure gathering of students held last winter at Northwestern University in Illinois. It got small space in the great dailies, but Mr. Marvin distinguished it with the full blast of his Searchlight. You'd be surprised how excited he got over those hundred and forty northwesterners. He told his readers about Scott Nearing and Paul Blanshard and how they had given their blessing to the conference. He told how eighty of the one hundred and forty had voted God's country into the League of Nations and how ninety-six of them approved the American entrance into the World Court. He demonstrated the Communism of both these items by quoting a third resolution, passed unanimously, if you please, in favor of "education which will develop international thinking."

His disappointment at the boys in Evanston for rejecting the pacifist pledge must have been dreadful to behold. But he is too canny a patriot not to get some meat, even out of rejection. "It demonstrated that at least thirty-eight students would refuse to take part in any sort of war." Valiant thirty-eight, but how much more valiant Fred R. Marvin who can work up a cold sweat over what I compute to be approximately one-twenty-four-millionth of the country's population.

Another item out of this same chamber of Mr. Marvin's house in order, and rather a rare one, I fancy, is a publication called The Young Comrade. "This little magazine, written in simple words, easily understood by a boy or girl of from eight to twelve, is filled with vicious propaganda against the government, American institutions and Christianity."

The eight-year old mind is really an important item in the gospel of the advance of Communism according to Marvin. He has found Communistic Sunday schools, and a small boy who was arrested in the act of distributing Socialistic literature. The National Security League found that small boy, too, and, if I am not mistaken, wrote a pamphlet all about him. All the patriots were outraged when the New York press made fun of the case. People

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don't seem able to appreciate the inroads of Communism upon sub-adolescence.

Mr. Aaron I. Dotey, who fills some sort of an administrative position in the de Witt Clinton High School of New York, is the author of the longest and most boring piece of patriotic literature it has been my misfortune to read. In his palmy days he was the business end of the Lusk laws. That is to say, he started all the heartiest of the prosecutions to get teachers fired from the New York schools. He is also a firm ally of all the patriots including the National Civic Federation. The thing about Mr. Dotey is his system of espionage.

It can be briefly described. The de Witt Clinton High School boasts a group of students known as "the Dotey Squad." Pupils are appointed to the squad on the basis of merit attained in the service of Americanism. Americanism is served if the pupil repeats to Mr. Dotey anything which might be construed as anti-American and which any one of the teachers might possibly have said or which, one presumes, the boy in question might consider an effective thing for the teacher to have said if the teacher had happened to think of it. It is also said that Mr. Dotey primes his boys with appropriate questions and files a harvest of tid-bits against the teachers in a monumental card index. In other words, his method of inculcating Americanism puts a premium upon spying which as a practice is probably as nearly 100 percent un-American as anything you could find.

Having drawn your attention to these various details of Communism among the young and very young, the natural sequel is the Youth Movement.

In a former article I proved pacifism venerable. I can do no less for the Youth Movement and its critics. In 1845, William Wordsworth wrote a sonnet, criticizing the youth movement of that day. The youths who so disturbed his serene old age were those same youths who came into their own in the "forty-eight" and left the world considerably better than they had found it. Wordsworth attributed the youth movement of his day to France: our patriots, Easley and Marvin, attribute ours to Germany. Between them they miss the real culprit. The only party responsible for youth movements is youth itself.

Youth movements are queer things: not wholly comprehensible, neither very expedient nor very efficacious: somehow inspiring. I suppose that Alcibiades figured in one. I dare say they come whenever history puts the strain of an untoward demand upon youth. They take various aspects upon themselves. They are always and simply an intensifying of youth's never interrupted revolt against the unreasonable and unreasoned authority of mere maturity. Such a war as the last one put untoward demands upon youth. It is youth's inevitable reaction to assert itself. Youth, as a time of life, can endow itself with an occasional individuality and an extraordinary and individual consciousness of purpose and mission. Probably no youth movement has ever stirred wholly in vain. Things so poetic cannot be wholly vain. There is nothing to be done about youth movements. We ought to watch and admire them and trust that the good in their visions will somehow endure and be turned to use.

Both Mr. Easley's and Mr. Whitney's tracts on the Youth Movement make the same mistake of analyzing the American development in terms of the German original. Doubtless it was enough for them to know that the American development had a German original. But the truth seems to be that the German aspect and the American have very little in common beyond the essential element of youth and the inevitable purpose or instinct of insurgence.

The Harvard Liberal Club and the National Student Forum rank first among the bullseyes of this particular patriotic animosity. Intercollegiate Socialist Leagues are more general offenders. The National Student Forum, which seems to be a kind of clearing house for all the more important undergraduate liberal organizations, earned this preëminence by committing the unforgivable offense of importing students from foreign universities, students with foreign ideas to disseminate, liberal and foreign ideas. One of those invited actually belonged to a Communist party. He never came. But Mr. Whitney, snooping in the ice box of the Department of Justice, found the morsel and carried it off as a proof that those who did come—a Danish State Socialist, a British Labor party member, a German Republican, and three others of no political convictions—were all revolutionaries.

The young gentlemen came and toured and, I am afraid, had rather a dull time of it and were well enough received and not very well understood as they appeared in college community after college community. It is not to be implied that their visit was not successful. As my best man said to me when we took the train to my wedding: "Anything that's a trip is bound to turn out all right." The young foreigners encountered among other matters American, the nature of the prodigious patriotism. The Easley tract preceded them over the whole country. It isn't one of his best, either.

On the whole the National Student Forum survived the Easley attack without being much the worse for it, and on the whole, Mr. Whitney made a more spectacular job of them in his brochure.

On the cover of it I find what purports to be a quotation from Zinoviev in which the German youth movement is described as the "light cavalry of the proletarian army." The first page declares:

> It is the purpose of the National Student Forum and the other organizations which it supports by its sympathy, to undermine and sink or overthrow the government of the United States and to set up in this country a Soviet form of government such as

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> Russia now boasts . . . This ultimate goal toward which Liberalists, Socialists, Pacifists, Internationalists, Intelligensia and Communists alike are striving is always referred to as "the new social order."

The sin of the youth movement, blacker to Whitney than to Easley, is the link it feels with the youth across the Atlantic. He proves the close alliance with a quotation of the principles of the Weltjugendliga plus his own interpretation of them, and I print the entire passage, partly to illustrate the superb patriotic injustice of it, but chiefly to set down the courage and vision which German youth flings out to the rest of the world. These are the battles which the Weltjugendliga, a plucky contingent of the Youth Movement, is prepared to fight:

> Against race hatred, profit of men in men, the slaughter of human beings and the destruction of valuable goods. Against the glorification of war, education for the use of force and the creation of a thirst for blood. Against the falsification of religion, philosophy, love of home and country, in order to unchain and carry out mass slaughter. Against the control and hiring of convictions, above all in the press, and the use of lies and conspiracy in creating opinion. For the friendly intercourse of peoples and a new ordering of society through coöperative industry, peaceful work and realization of the sacredness of human life. For the honoring of peace, justice and human excellence. For the freedom of opinion and belief and the subordination of selfish aims in comradeship. For independence of public opinion, for truth and candor between peoples, societies and individuals . . .

And this is the Whitney reaction:

> All these "againsts" and "fors" are very fine and good, if they meant what they say—and no more. Unfortunately these principles, put into practice, mean: Against patriotism, national defense and preparedness; against all military training; against historical facts concerning military heroes; great battles; against all teaching that would breed love of country, reverence for church and religion; against any attempt to curb anti-American propaganda. For internationalism, and "freedom of opinion and belief" only so long as it is radical and revolutionary.

Mr. Whitney proved to his satisfaction that the National Student Forum is a chapter of the Third Internationale fraternity. He proved it by proving that the two officers of the Forum, abroad to arrange the tour of the foreign students, had shaken hands with some Communist students in Norway and dined with them. He proved it by describing the touring foreign students as specific Socialists and general Reds. He proved it by implying the subversive character of their business over here.

That Communist group in Norway happens to be independent of the Third Internationale, the foreign students did not happen to be Reds and the speeches they made aroused general approval. None the less, the Whitney-Easley-Wordsworth arraignment of the Youth Movement stands and is conventionally acceptable to the world. The Youth Movement has only its inherent poetry for its defense. Poetry, however, is still a pretty fair weapon.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(This is the sixth in a series of articles, of which the seventh will appear in an early issue.)

The College Girl's Mind

IT is normal for elderly folk to be disconcerted by the rising generation; but since the War, the outcry of shocked distress, especially about our girls, has been a little louder than usual. Perhaps a brief glance at the other side of the shield may be cheering. For bobbed hair, made-up faces, a taste for jazz and a distaste for chaperons, light-spoken familiarity with much that grandmother never knew, and a general attitude of fevered defiance, are very far from the whole story.

A college teacher of many years' standing likes to bear her witness that she never enjoyed youth more than now. In the last century, when women students were still a picked lot, and earnest sentimentality plus lingering trouble over the Darwinian theory was an ordinary pose, one never encountered more keen and serious thinking than one does in the young women of today. Manners have changed; but not so much, after all. Even if girls no longer move with ankles entangled in their skirts, even if their emancipated feet are several sizes larger than of old, essentials remain. The freed legs and ankles imply more freedom in the attack on life; but the gentleness, dignity and gayety which mark the well-bred woman are not hard to find; simplicity and modesty are still native to girlhood.

It would be dull and untrue to paint a rose-colored picture. Girls with strained faces and piteous sullen ways (these come, one often finds, from homes ravaged by divorce) noisy girls, vulgar girls, girls clever and unpleasant, do sometimes force themselves on the attention. Yet, by and large, the "granddaughters" whom the colleges begin to receive, are much like their mothers. The years around twenty have always been for women a difficult period of adjustment in family relations. In some ways the problem grows easier, in some harder, as the rational feminine demand for economic independence and satisfying occupation gains more recognition. But a great many college girls appear really to love their fathers and mothers; and a reasonable percent of them make fairly intelligent choice when it comes to getting married, and establish fairly satisfactory homes of their own.

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As for their intellectual activities—ah, now we are at the angle from which this article contemplates the student.

A teacher moving through the buzzing corridors of her institution between classes, may murmur to herself the Wordsworthian line:

> The face of every one
> Who passes by me is a mystery.

What are they thinking about, these young people? Oh for a cross-section of the ideas of youth in 1924! Now the X-ray to photograph the contents of consciousness is not yet invented; but once in a blue moon the class-room can offer a clumsy substitute.

First meeting of the class. Twenty-five unknown faces: languid some, eager some, curious all. Longing for that X-ray takes sudden possession of the instructor. Instead of questioning the students, she will bid them question her: a time-honored pedagogic device, as old as Socrates.

"Please take ten minutes to write for me five questions on which you would like to receive light from the reading to be done in this course." The subject of the course, by the way, appears in the catalogue as "Social Ideals in English Letters."

Heads black, brown, yellow, straight and curly, bobbed and fluffed, bend intently over the paper. Girls are really more attractive than kittens, thinks the instructor dreamily, as she leans back for her ten minutes, shapes her inward ambitions for her new class, and wonders what Mr. Addison or Mr. Shakespeare would think of their occupation.

"Time up!" Papers handed in. And here they are, presented more or less at random, classified a little, but not reworded:

"Can we ever have perfect international understanding, and preserve at the same time a love for our own country and a sense of its special importance?" More students agree on this question than on any other: nine have written it down, with varied phrasing.

"How meet the problem of racial antagonisms, especially in America?" Three students.

"Is communism possible? Can class distinctions ever be done away with?" It is surprising to find how small a number have put this type of question: And only one student, the teacher observes with a sigh of relief, has asked: "Is war ever justifiable?"

But more than one put most of the following; though wording naturally varied:

"Must we destroy what we have in order to start anew?" "How far can the idealist countenance compromise?"

"Were the status of the classes reversed, should we be better off? What in such case would be the policy of the working class?" "How can forces of heredity and environment be so controlled that we may gain equality?" "Is a middle class desirable?" "If equality is to prevail, can art and letters be fostered?" "How combine democracy and efficiency?"

"What does literature show as the chief forces operative in the transition from an aristocratic régime to our own?"

"Is there a definite sequence in evolutionary stages, which can not be broken or abridged? Or could a stage conceivably be skipped?" (Probably she is thinking of Russia: a debate on recognition of the Soviet government is imminent.)

"How remove the stigma attached to the word, Labor?" "Why is the person who struggles for a living, least regarded in law? Or is this really the case?" "How make workers appreciate managers who are trying to benefit them?" "What should be the next step in improving labor conditions?"

"Differing attitudes of the church and law: for instance on divorce. Justifiable?"

"The relation of religion to social progress."

"Relation of the college girl to the working girl." "What can the thinking students of America do to help the world?" (Easy to answer: "Think some more," remarks the teacher.) "Are service and self-expression compatible?"

"Would outward change facilitate inward change?" "How far should the state control the individual?" "In the light of human nature, can we hope for the perfect state?"

"Are the 'times' never ready for the ideas?"

And a miscellaneous lot, too long to list: dealing with Eugenics, with Education, with the Status of Woman, with policy toward the dependent defective and delinquent classes. Also—plaintive enquiry—"How *can* a thing like the Ku Klux Klan exist in America?"

These questions were no result of suggestion from the teacher, or of study accomplished. They were written down impromptu before the year's work had begun, and by students who in many cases had taken no previous work in sociology. Nor were the students chosen in any special way, except as a free elective course draws those of a certain type to it. The college cannot, at least on its academic side, claim credit or responsibility for putting these things into the girls' minds. There they were, pressing for utterance. And if you want a cross-section of the mind of youth, peruse these paragraphs.

Well! It is for the sake of young people seeking the solution of questions like these, that colleges exist, primarily. And it is because there are many such young people that the teacher, in spite of all attacks on our goose-step march in education, dares to regard these ancient institutions as true centres of the ageless quest for wisdom.

But one marks the little papers in a sober mood: aware that on some of the questions—that concerning international relations, for instance—the experience of the English race as recorded in literature throws little or no direct light; and wondering what will have happened to the minds of the young pioneers by the end of the academic year.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

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When a Feller Needs a Trend

AS Elmer Durkin's moonlike face arose over his pile of morning papers its rays fell upon Lem Beale, a leisure class Democrat and ex-postmaster.

"A little service here, please," said Mr. Beale.

The newsdealer parted with a copy of the New York World and a question.

"Lem, you're a wham at puzzles and stuff. What's gone wrong with your friend, Davis?"

"Nothing," replied the untarrified Democrat. "He's doing fine out west. Sweeping everything before him."

"Now I'll tell one," said Elmer. "It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike—"

"You can't go by the papers."

"You can if you keep a barrel of salt handy. The editors are wisenheimers about what the people are dippy over, and your little playmate seems to be A. W. O. L. If John W. wants to get back in this campaign he'll have to crash the gate."

"They're prejudiced against him."

"If they are, that goes double for La Follette, but they hand Robert as much space as if he was a new department store. And if Coolidge murmers, 'I don't know yet,' the newshounds trot off to their kennels and tell the world how the President firmly refuses to be jimmied into snap judgment. It's good for a column of apple sauce just east of the Prince's nifty necktie and southwest of how Leopold and Loeb like their eggs. But if Davis wants to get his name in the paper he has to buy it by the agate line. I thought I spotted it once but it turned out to be the Davis Cup they were yammering about.

"La Follette lands in the public eye every day if he has to be a cinder, but if anybody wants to bawl out the Democrats they pick on Charley Bryan. Davis gets about as much press as Pa Ferguson. He blew into a party where 50,000 Missouri farmers were enjoying roast beef and roast Coolidge, but he didn't draw as much pure reading matter as the heart throbs of Firpo."

"He hasn't made any fool breaks."

"Yes, that's one thing that ails him. A safe-cracker can get on the front page, but not a safe-player. The guy that sticks to the middle of the road generally ends up out in the scenery, picking the razzberries out of his system.

"The Davis story started fine—handsome hero, scion of the Long Island nobility, sole survivor of the battle of Madison Square, scenery by Hart, Shaffner and Marx, illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. He looked catsy to me for a page or two, but now he's oozing around in the back of the book hobnobbing with the tires and the toothpaste. They've got him stymied, Lem. He's as dead as King Tut or even Leonard Wood. They don't even give him the bum's rush. Coolidge says La Follette is bad for the Constitution, Davis opens his trap and tells us how the terrible Bob is out to paint the country red. Wheeler comes back with a wallop at Coolidge and the Daugherty gang, the labor leaders sink the harpoon into Dawes, the Herald-Tribune glooms up and sings, 'I Got Them Charley Bryan Blues.' 'It's Coolidge or Chaos,' yelps Colonel Harvey, who's left at the Washington Post. This scrap is between L. F. and the elephant, but Davis hasn't been invited.

"How about the prognosticators and straw vote fiends? Some say Coolidge and some say Chaos. The handout from Butler's pantry is that Davis has done a Houdini from the campaign and is limping along between H. P. Faris and Gilbert O. Nations. According to those Goptimists, La Follette will snag all the loose Progressive Democrats while Bryan will scare the conservatives so stiff they'll wobble down to the booth and swallow Coolidge. That leaves Davis only some of his relations and Clem Shaver. La Follette says he's running fifty-fifty with Cal. The Hearst papers vote Davis a bad third and the Literary Digest has got him down as an innocent bystander. I saw his name second on one list, but that was because he begins with 'D.'

"He's not a notoriety seeker—"

"Don't feel cut up about it, Lem. It's a gift. Some have it and some are not so good. Mayor Hylan never lets anybody forget who's the big cheese in New York if he has to bean the Controller with an inkwell. If Al Smith loses his dog it's good in the big time and the three-a-day. Bryan can always make the boys tickle the linotype—W. J. but not brother Charley. Roosevelt was the thanwhomest space-grabber in any hemisphere, but Hughes has the cellar championship sewed up for all time. That bird couldn't get his name in the paper if he gave three cheers for Trotzky.

"Remember 1916, Lem? Zowie, that was a hot sketch! Hughes went around gargling doleful noises about Wilson. He held up his mitts in horror showing all ten of his thumbs. By and by T. R. dealt himself a hand and did a hymn of hate on Wilson. At last the President horned into the game and pinned a few hollyhocks on his favorite candidate. Who spilled any chatter about Hughes? The well known nobody. When it came November, folks wouldn't put the old 'x' on a total stranger."

"You sell papers, Elmer; that's how you get that way. But it don't mean anything. Matter of fact, things are even better than I thought. When Coolidge and La Follette have killed each other off, the people will vote for Davis."

"Maybe they will at that, Lem," said Elmer genially. "Especially if they can remember his name."

FELIX RAY.

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DOUGLAS A. THOM—Habit Training in Children.
Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

BERNARD GLUECK—Mental Hygiene Problems of Childhood.
Thursday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

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EVERETT DEAN MARTIN—Introduction to Social Psychology.
Wednesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

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A COMMUNICATION

SIR: Criticism may legitimately, I think, take the form of parody. Certainly Mr. Lindsay offers his poem, Billboards and Galleons, for serious consideration, and the New Republic prints it to the same end.

Gallstones and Balloons

Inscribed to Vachel Lindsay

Upon reading the New Republic of September 10, 1924.

I.

One year Aunt Floxie had a birthday party,
Festive with a Robert Frosted cake;
Oh, all the residents and all the summer boarders
Came in their Fords and their yellow taxis
And their brown-and-white taxis and their black-and-white taxis,
And some, eke in their leaky overshoes,
And Mr. La Follette came in a Mogul Checker
Singing Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.

But this is not what I started to write about,
But the simoon that came and put all the candles out,
Simoon, simoon that came down from the high moon,
Simoon, simoon that came down from the high moon!
Blow on Oh (sic) wind till you start a nice fire,
Making five miles of billboards one wonderful pyre,
Then the world will take courage, both women and men,
Eat, drink, smoke and chew what they please again.

II.

Then I thought, all hope of a fire is gone,
And I said, my mind goes marvelling on
Why the firemen themselves do not start the fire,
Wearing their Onyx hose to the pyre,
Straight goods straight from the mill to the buyer,
Oh (sic) Bee-line honey from Medina, Ohier.

III.

Then I said, as my soul got up and still upper,
Here's a line of images left over from supper,
Good any day for a dollar-a-liner,
Bee-line drip express from Medina,
And as fish follows soup, and roast follows fish,
Nightmare and image, image and dish.

For there came dead turkey-buzzards,
And then a serious wood-pussy,
To make you thoughtful if you're fussy,
But he was safe for he was also dead,
Yet not at all like the guaranteed bottles two ounces (net) from Medina,
He was creepy with squeaky fanatical things;

Then a long line of men Aunt Floxie had never kissed,
With long faces, like a Fundamentalist;
Then a divinity student from the Unitarian church,
Then another divinity student from the African Methodist Episcopal church,
Washed by the sea-born midnight rain,
On a Seaboard Air Line Jim Crow train,
Then an embottled bootlegger, visibly twain,
Then permanent waves like those of Seminoles,
Then audible waves like pianolas,
Then a time-table of the New York Central railroad;
And I said, I will Mah Jong, April, May, and June,
And if I cannot, I will roll, roll on;
And I said, I will Mah Jong, April, May, and June,
Dreaming of two ounces of love (net) guaranteed,
For a miracle and a sign, but not for a billboard.

Then increasing wind ran through the blurbs on the jackets,
And I asked, who could have put it there, and why?
And there came a cheering racket,
Bull rings, Bull Durham and just plain bull,
Circling and ringing again.

Oh (insert a comma) fantasy and hexagonal parafine honeycombs,
Made in Medina, Ohier!
O (no comma) mocking poets that whinny!
Oh, or O (as the case may be) useful, miraculous Medina!
Behold my aging maiden Auntie Floxie,
Looking east along the highway at a bulletin of Moxie,
Behold her, Honey, sweet Medine,
But take *me* for your Valentine!

ALBERT S. BARD.

New York City, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

A School of Social Philosophy

SIR: The readers of the New Republic, more particularly those residing in Chicago, will no doubt be interested to hear of a new venture in liberal education recently organized as The Chicago School of Social Philosophy. The needs that have called to life this body are in the main the same that have operated in the formation of The New School of Social Research or The Rand School in your own city. Its members and students are for the most part college graduates who in their day have had to contend with the same spoon-fed variety of education against which the undergraduates of Dartmouth have raised their voice in their report to the president. The school, to quote from its credo, "aims to encourage a study of the history and present tendencies of vital social, literary and philosophic movements.... Classes shall be conducted in a spirit of free inquiry, with full and open discussion and without the usual academic routine." The school is free from all political bias, and makes no other conditions for admission than those of open-mindedness and intellectual honesty. It made its bow to the public in March, and by the end of May it had to its credit three courses in literature, philosophy and economics, conducted by Professor Robert Morss Lovett, Mr. Carl Haessler, formerly of the University of Illinois and now editor of the Federated Press, and Mr. Leland Olds, associate editor of the Federated Press. The last events of the term included a public lecture by Professor Ferdinand Schevill on Our Civilization, and a banquet where plans were laid for the ensuing year.

A. BORIS KORMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Statistics on Defense Day

SIR: A dispatch sent out from Washington by authority of the War Department on the evening of Defense Day, September 12, published in the morning papers of September 13, states that

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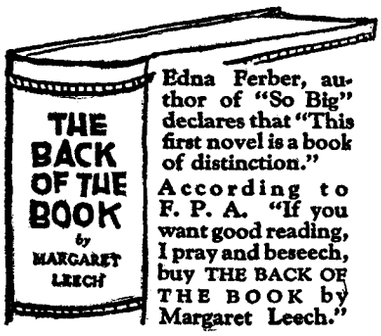

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"more than 16,792,781 persons" participated in the demonstration of that day. One would like to know how these figures were arrived at, with a promptness and exactness so far surpassing anything ever known in election returns. Was the process something like that of Artemas Ward, who, when he mentioned the total number of rats in the United States, said that he "spoke simply from memory"? What was the nature of the participation? Did it cover the persons who stood on the sidewalks to see the processions go by? Without more exact details, the wicked pacifists, although so vociferously assured that the whole thing was a "peace gesture," are sure to suspect that this emanation from the War Department is "tendenz" literature. Some of them will think that 15,000,000 was put on for sound, and others that the 81 was a simulation of statistics. The "more than" implies that the returns were not all in, as they hardly could be at so early an hour; in Massachusetts, for instance, Chicopee and Longmeadow may not have been heard from. A Washington dispatch the next day stated that of the 52,000 incorporated communities in the country, but 6,538 had participated.

The strength of the "military units" for the day is given as "approximately 2,000,000," which, if true, shows that the parades in other states must have been immeasurably greater than in Massachusetts. The same Boston paper which in its headlines speaks of the "monster review" on Boston Common, says in the soberer lines below that there were "approximately" 7,500 troops. An apparently authoritative Washington dispatch the next day states that the total number of one-day volunteers who responded was 838,000.

We have been reading interesting things lately about the gross popular exaggerations of the number of persons present at political and other gatherings. One would like to see the result of the application of a little common sense to some of the above figures.

Bishop Richard J. Cooke, in his new volume on Religion in Russia under the Soviets, states that "the number of priests put to death was officially reported as 1,276,181, others being sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment." In normal times, before the revolution, there were all told in the Orthodox church of Russia a total of 112,798 clergymen, and a mere handful of Roman Catholic priests. The total number of clergymen of all denominations in the United States is only 214,385. The number of persons altogether tried and executed by the Soviet government is stated by the best authorities as under 20,000. Should not Bishop Cooke be transferred from the service of religion to the service of "militarist" politics and statistics?

BRADLEY STONE.

Boston, Mass.

Opium and Europe

SIR: What you say about opium is all very true, but what you say about a test of the League is conceived in the narrow spirit of national egotism and is so foreign to the normal mind of the New Republic that I herewith return it to your attention.

"If the American viewpoint wins, therefore, the fact may be accepted as conclusive evidence that the great powers feel our coöperation is worth more to them than a continuance of the drug traffic."

You quite honestly admit that the "American viewpoint" did not originate in America. Are the European influences behind that viewpoint to count for nothing in the struggle? Is the educational work of the League of Nations to have no credit? Is the United States the only country where the conscience of the people is the law of her statesmen?

No, sir. If the American viewpoint wins it will be because of the various forces for and against an honest treatment of the narcotic drug trade. Those which are for us are greater than those which are against. It will not be because America has announced to the rest of the world:

"You must let me make a home run in November or I'll not play ball with you again."

J. ROSLYN EARP.

Yellow Springs, O.

Are the Allies Hiding Skeletons?

SIR: A journalistic cyclone has been raised by the rumor that the German government intends to resurrect the question of war guilt by disclaiming sole culpability for the late unpleasantness in Europe. According to The World's Greatest Newspaper, the governments of the Allied countries consider such a move to be a stupid error fraught with disastrous consequences, doubly regrettable because it comes at a time when all the world had come to believe that the Germans had consented to be good, and when all those who hitherto held heterodox opinions on the question of war guilt had presumably joined the ranks of the blest in singing praises to the Dawes plan. To one far removed from European politics, the step about to be taken by the German government seems a very sensible one. Let all the countries prove their ingenuousness by submitting the question of responsibility for the War to a group of experts from neutral countries, agreeing in advance to throw open their archives for this purpose and to accept the decision. Unless the Allies' closets are full of skeletons, why do they emit loud shrieks of dismay whenever a closet door is approached?

JOHN TROXELL.

Madison, Wis.

For Equal Opportunity in Education

SIR: An enterprise which offers opportunity for experiment both educational and social is the Manumit School, at Pawling, New York—"an experimental school for the children of the workers." At a conference of workers and teachers on Sunday, September 7, the Manumit Association was organized, to which Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Finck have turned over their residence to serve as a home for the pupils, and a new building for school purposes. The number of pupils for the first year will be thirty-two, between the ages of nine and fourteen. Most of them will pay fees proportionate to the budget of a worker's family, but in a few cases children whose parents desire for them the training and associations of such a school and are able to pay more, will be admitted at higher rates. These scholarship pupils will help to support the school financially, and broaden its scope socially—emphasizing the fact that there should be no difference between the education of the children of labor and the children of wealth in a society in which all should be workers. At the conference it was interesting to note that the labor leaders present vigorously repudiated the idea that the school should be propagandist in tendency. Its connection with the labor movement will be established through the personnel of pupils and teachers, through the recognition in historical and social studies of the importance of that movement, and through emphasis upon the contribution of labor to culture in the feeling for material and tools, and in ideals of craftsmanship and coöperative service. The school will undertake to maintain such standards of academic achievement that pupils may pass without difficulty into corresponding grades of public schools of the present system. At the same time it is an attempt to define the culture appropriate to a new social order in which class distinction based on privilege will disappear, and in which labor in some form will be the necessary medium of responsibility and service shared by all.

R. M. L.

Chicago, Ill.

Contributors

ZONA GALE, novelist and playwright, whose home is in Wisconsin, is the author of Miss Lulu Bett, The Neighbors, Peace in Friendship Valley, Faint Perfume, and other books and plays.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, British journalist, is a former Paris correspondent of the London Times, and the author of Poincaré, A Biographical Portrait.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, poet and critic, is the author of This Singing World, and other volumes of poetry.

SIDNEY HOWARD, journalist and playwright, was during the war, captain in the U. S. Air Service. He is the author of The Labor Spy, and his new book, Three Flights Up, will soon be published by Scribner's.

VIDA D. SCUDDER is professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, and the author of, among other things, Social Ideals in English Letters and Socialism and Character.

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The New
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Fall Literary Section

Stanislavsky

My Life in Art, by Constantin Stanislavsky. Translated by J. J. Robbins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $6.00.

STANISLAVSKY was born sixty years ago. When we saw him in New York last season, it was at a time of life when winter may well be expected to have touched an actor's talents, chilled him a little, and frozen unthawably the art learned through many painful years into something nearer habit than creativeness. But here, in this grand old man, vigorous and warm and flexible, there glowed the richness of a happier season, a mellow confident autumn which showed at once what springs and summers had preceded it, and many burnished colors of harvest all its own. The fullness of what arduous life led to this October he has now told us in his own book, one of the most fascinating of autobiographies, crowded with hundreds of gay figures, hundreds of successful dramatic ventures, with years of light hearted accomplishment, no year of which was without its deep examination of self, its abandonment of all old values for the discovery of new, its humble, pitiless self-distrust, self-searching and self-recreation.

These lucky Russians are born in a gold mine. Poverty, wretchedness, exile, unbearable darkness may surround them, but they are somehow spared the leanness of the stony New England farm, the ferociously mediocre small town, the dingy stock company, the midnight lunch wagon, the hall-bedroom, the life of spiritual coffee, crullers and straphanging. From the beginning life however gay or heavy rolls over them a ceaseless, various surf of new experience, of strange and tragic and grotesque fellow creatures. Life is their daily fare; they do not have to dig painfully for its intermittent nuggets. Stanislavsky, whose family was well-to-do, had to struggle with very little except himself. Life was happy, interesting, uproarious. It was the sunset of the age of serfdom, with "its icons and icon lamps, its lard candles, its pony express. . . the flintlock musket, the cannon that were small enough to be mistaken for play-things." The elder generation of men were "practical jokers, idlers, and high livers," but they were also good business men, the men who created the Moscow of those days, who left on the six o'clock train every morning for the city—not an easy matter, if not a single train would stop at your flag station, and you had to "take a train going the other way and ride to the first station where all the trains stopped." Everybody worked hard, everybody played hard, everybody got up amateur theatricals, everybody sang. "We sang in the house and in the woods—romances by day and serenades by night. We sang in row-boats and we sang in the bath-house. Everyday, just before five, the singers would meet there. They would stand in a row on the roof and begin to sing a quartette. Before the final note they would dive from the roof into the river, and as soon as their heads emerged from the water, they would finish the quartette on a high note."

Stanislavsky tells of these pleasant years as if they were yesterday, as if they might begin again tomorrow. Almost as if he still wanted to, he tells us of his earliest ambition, which was to be director of a circus; of the first smell of gas, used to light the theatres of that time, a smell which always "had a magical influence on him," a smell which, "always connected with my ideas of the theatre and the delight received in it, made me dizzy and called forth strong emotion." The joy of those days still lives in the Moscow Art Theatre, and the methods which made it great were begun long, long ago, when Stanislavsky and his friends agreed to live a whole day through as the people in the play they were about to give, and, when no play was on, they dressed up as beggars and drunkards and went to the station. "There we would frighten everybody, and more than once the watchman would chase us from the platform. The worse they

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treated us, the better were we satisfied. For in life one must be more subtle and truth-like than on the stage, where illusion is almost ready made for you."

For the record of those rich years we must go to the book itself—from the time when Stanislavsky was ashamed to kiss a girl on the stage, because he wanted "to kill, to save, to sentence, to pardon;" from the time when he would work before the mirror after coming home from the office, until three or four in the morning; until the time, many years later, when the Moscow Art Theatre was on its feet, the deserved fruit of countless experiments, self-deceptions, discouragements and re-beginnings. What a procession of plays and actors, of characters on and off stage sketched with accurate good-humor, with sympathetic understanding and that rare eye for the small things which unerringly describe a man so that he becomes to the reader also a familiar figure. One would like to take whole pages from the book. The peasant actress engaged for a part in Tolstoy's The Power of Darkness, who could not be restrained from unspeakable oaths because she knew they were proper to the part, the sound of whose "old and weak voice was possessed of such breadth and gave the spirit of the Russian village with such veracity that it was impossible for any one of us to appear on the stage after her exit." They tried letting her sing in the wings. "But even this was dangerous for the actors." Finally, all that the performance would bear of her poignant reality was harmlessly reduced to a phonograph record of her voice. There are some unforgettable pages about Tolstoy. "When Tolstoy looked at a man he grew motionless and concentrated, then he entered into the soul and seemed to suck all its substance out of it, good and evil. At such moments his eyes hid behind his heavy eyelids like the sun behind clouds. At other moments he would jest like a child, burst out in sympathetic laughter, and his piercing eyes would become joyful and humorous, coming out from behind his heavy eyelids and shining like the sun after storm." Chekhov, too, is made to live again before us, in brief skillful touches—Chekhov insisting that an actor should wear torn shoes and checked trousers, and refusing further to explain himself; Chekhov taking a five kopek piece from his pocket, rolling with inexplicable, irresistible laughter; Chekhov unable to give stage directions, repeating "Listen, I wrote it down, it is all there"; Chekhov prouder of being a doctor than a playwright, insisting that Hauptmann was "a real dramatist; I am not a dramatist—listen, I am a doctor"; Chekhov silent, shy, suddenly laughing, suddenly obstinate.

With its pageant of voices, faces, places, all alive and visible and ringing in our ears, this book is an extraordinary record of great times now gone. It is also a sternly truthful record of personal struggle, a profoundly wise and honest story of self-search, doubt and discovery which should be read by every actor, every artist really, who cares at all for his craft, who, hardened by what he takes to be success has not yet forgotten that, as Stanislavsky says, "not a single untalented creation does not find its admirers." If the actors of today would read his book, and apply his self-examination to themselves, our theatre would be turned upside down. There has been nothing I know of like Stanislavsky's awareness of his own faults and mistakes, his amusement at his own self-deceptions and selfishnesses, his constant striving to dissolve whatever crust he felt to be growing over him. His humility was won only by stern discipline, in severe attacks of doubt after severe attacks of complete complacency. As a young man he played well the part of a clumsy, awkward man, and only the young ladies reproached him with: "Isn't it a pity you are so ugly!" "It was pleasanter," he remarks," for me to believe the young ladies, and not those who really knew, and I began to dream of being handsome on the stage at my next appearance." He succeeded. He played Spaniards, ordered his boots in Paris, wore jeweled swords, took the parts of Don Juan and Don Carlos (which threw him "back at least ten strides" in his development), and violated his "immature acting abilities for the sake of the praise of high-school girls." Valentinos, Schildkrauts, Barrymores, Basil Sydneys please copy, a hundred times.

> The lover is liked most by the ladies, he is the most tempting, handsome and effective figure on the stage. The question here is not at all in the success of the actor, but in the success of the man. The stage is transformed into a platform for exhibition and the actor becomes a prostitute who appears so many hours each evening for the purpose of exhibiting his beauty, his legs, his breast, his muscles, his animal temperament and passion, his loud voice and all that might enchant a woman.

If Stanislavsky throws such sharp stones, he will also admit that he has often been in a glass house himself. "What role," he asks, "fitted me least at that time? What role was most harmful to me? Othello. But it was of Othello I dreamed . . ." And Othello he played. As he looks back, he sees how often he nearly ruined himself forever, how often he would say to himself, as he listened to the sound of applause after the fall of the curtain, "so, after all, I can play a lover; so, after all, I can play myself, and all the false operetta tempo and patter are allowable."

> Young actors, fear your admirers! You may pay them attentions, but do not talk with them of art. Learn in time, from your very first steps, to hear, understand and live the cruel truth about yourselves. Find out who can tell you the truth. And talk of your art only with those who can tell you the truth.

He learned, of course, in time, and very painfully. He learned, and forgot, and had to begin all over again. It is more than once that he had to record such a crisis as the following. Two of his teachers taught him a lesson. "They laughed me down, and showed me as clearly as two and two is four all the backwardness, insolvency, and vulgarity of my taste at that time. At the beginning I was quiet, then I was ashamed, and at last I felt all my nonentity. Something seemed to give way in me. All that was old was no good, and there was nothing new."

There were many years in which the utterly false had to be thrown away. Eventually it was banished for good. Yet that did not mark success, but only the beginning of greater and more intimate difficulties. Again and again he would feel whatever of good had grown from within him closing over him and hardening like a shell, masterly to ordinary outward view, but hollow and juiceless within. At such times—they seem never to have disappeared, he would recast his whole world, go off to Finland for the summer, where, sitting alone on the cliffs overlooking the sea, he wondered why he had grown to be bored with his work, why he had forgotten the living memories

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which kept a part alive, why the "beautiful, exciting, inner truth was gone," and examine his past career step by step. Gradually, from this discarded, hardened past, the truth would force itself anew, old roles so often repeated would be reborn in his mind, and when he resumed them a few weeks later he played well, freely, happily, because he at last, he says, had "perceived a truth long known to me."

And so, toward the end of a long career in which he had tried every technical method, and explored every technical device of mind and body, he came upon the inner springs of spirit and emotion which must flow if creation is to be profound and true. It is a secret which lives openly in his pages, yet incommunicable. To read Stanislavky's exposition of it is not enough; the actor will have to learn, at great length and pain, from the master himself, and translate the master's secret, which must be a little different for every individual, into the terms of his own life and work. "Nothing," says Stanislavky, "nothing can fix and pass on to our descendants those inner paths of feeling, that conscious road to the gates of the unconscious, which, and which alone, are the true foundations of the art of the theatre."

Here is the truth. He can show you, actors, where it lies. But you must dig for it yourselves if you would have it. "Like the gold-seeker, I cannot will to my heirs my labors, my quests, my losses, my joys and my disappointments, but only the few grains of gold it has taken me all my life to find."

ROBERT LITTELL.

More about Wilson

Woodrow Wilson: a Character Study, by Robert Edwards Annin. New York, Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

The True Story of Woodrow Wilson, by David Lawrence. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

IF a reader were to take titles too seriously he would conclude that here we must have the true and the false story of the late ex-president, for it is quite apparent that the picture drawn in both books cannot well be the correct one. Mr. Annin is an export merchant, a prominent alumnus of Princeton, and a warm personal friend of the late Moses Taylor Pyne of the Princeton board of trustees, and of Dean Andrew Fleming West of the Princeton faculty. His associations and friendships thus brand him at once as a definite, though not a vituperative critic of the Princeton Wilson. Mr. Lawrence, also an alumnus of Princeton, and a leading contemporary journalist, represents most obviously the eulogist, who is warmly appreciative, though not universally reverential.

Space does not permit of the interesting exercise of enumerating the many sharply divergent interpretations of acts and policies of Mr. Wilson as set forth by these two authors. Some representative examples will suffice. In regard to the disputed point as to how far Wilson exploited his rhetoric for the purposes of publicity Mr. Annin assures us that

> President Wilson was not less successful in the use of the press than his great predecessor (Roosevelt). No man had a keener perception of his own "news value" than Dr. Wilson. It had always been an effective argument of his that, in appeals to the public, his own material would attract wide attention while that put forth by his opponents would receive relatively scant notice.

Mr. Lawrence states with equal emphasis that

> Mr. Wilson was not capable of self-advertisement or self-expression though he was a master of impersonal advocacy of broad policies. He was no publicity expert like Colonel Roosevelt. Woodrow Wilson never failed to hold national attention on major questions but in the technic of iteration he was a victim of self-consciousness and modesty.

Both agree, however, that he fell far short of the genial Colonel in his capacity to deal effectively and cordially with the reporter pest.

With respect to his trend toward vague generalizations and an antipathy towards concrete facts, Annin asserts that:

> He had a deftness in dallying with generalities which conveyed the thought that he alone was competent firmly to grasp and weigh the imponderables; but he was as impatient of an adverse fact as of a dissenting opinion. Like Gilbert's poet, he soared easily in the regions of the indefinable, but resented references to the multiplication table.

But Mr. Lawrence avers that:

> He had a passion for facts. They were the things that made him change his mind. That's why he didn't hesitate to reverse himself. Facts, he said, would always conquer mere opinion.

Equally opposed are their views concerning the much debated point of Mr. Wilson's opportunism and frequent change of front on important policies. Annin contends that:

> Mr. Wilson was in truth so agile in his opportunism that those who followed his leadership were in constant danger of meeting him coming back. No one could make these sharp turns more deftly, while screening awkward facts behind graceful and comforting phrases. But this could by no stretch of the imagination be considered as a sign of a logical mind.

Mr. Lawrence rejoins that:

> Mr. Wilson felt there was virtue in flexibility. He was already (in 1912) being accused of changing opinions he had earlier held. Indeed, when he went to the White House, this was not an uncommon source of criticism. "The man who never changes his mind," argued Mr. Wilson, "indicates his profound ignorance. If your mind does not change with changing conditions, you are out of harmony with the world. I will agree not to change my mind if someone with power to do so will guarantee that if I go to bed at night I will get up the next morning and see the world the same."

Finally, in the matter of the oft-asserted inability of Mr. Wilson to retain warm personal friends Mr. Annin insists that:

> One of his most outstanding idiosyncrasies was the consistent and progressive loss of friends and supporters who had been brought into close relations with him. It was once remarked that admiration for Mr. Wilson increased directly as the square of the distance . . . From the dawn of his success to his re-

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tirement, most of those who had been his friends, either were more or less openly repudiated by him or voluntarily renounced him.

On this point Mr. Lawrence offers as his rebuttal the allegation that those repudiated were either the victims of the meanness and pettiness of themselves and their friends, or the necessary human sacrifices to Mr. Wilson's impersonal and unflinching devotion to the cosmic weal:

> Greater by far than those who basked in his halo was Woodrow Wilson. Petty intrigues constantly surrounded him and, at times, misled him. Selfish, jealous-minded, and often childish persons, poured into his ears the prejudices of scorn and the insidious poison of hate. Above it all Woodrow Wilson's own record stands untarnished—he fought for vital principles. He led a victorious nation in the greatest war of all history. His Napoleonic struggle for a triumph of broad idealism over provincialism met defeat on a field which counted him in its casualty list. He never intentionally hurt his fellowman, though the stern paths of duty led him to part with so many who failed to grasp the impersonality of his battles.

At times, however, the books offer significant corroborative evidence, as, for example, in the case of the important matter of Wilson's training for political life before 1910. Close observers have indicated that the common view of his utter inexperience prior to his campaign for governor in 1910 is without foundation in fact. His contacts and responsibilities in college administration had given him a training in practical politics comparable to that received by Mr. Coolidge at the hands of the late Murray Crane. Mr. Annin says of this matter:

> The effect of Wilson's first four years at Princeton was to build up what in politics would be called a personal machine, and that by methods purely political, i. e., the appeal to loyalty and the control of patronage. That this should be so was inevitable with the tendency on the President's part to think in terms of politics and political methods.

Lawrence confirms this interpretation by a quotation from Mr. Wilson himself, refuting a published charge that he would be incompetent to cope with professional politicians:

> "Whenever I see anything of this kind in print I can't help but think that, compared with some of the college politicians, the party politicians are amateurs. The party politician plays his hand openly. You always know what he is going to do. He always follows the same rules and is always up to the same purpose. A college politician should not be mentioned in the same breath. He is very shrewd—and you never know what he is going to do. He has the gift of speech and can make black look like white—and I have been dealing with him for the past thirty years."

Neither book possesses any significant value in relation to the international situation and the war from 1914 to 1918, for both authors appear as ignorant of the facts concerning the diplomacy of war origins as they are in regard to the actual reasons for the entry of the United States into the conflict.

Briefly to indicate the more important and somewhat original tentative contributions of these two books, Mr. Annin has suggested the striking similarities and parallels which exist between the successive phases of Mr. Wilson's professional and public career. As president of Princeton, governor of New Jersey, president of the United States, and peace-negotiator he started out with great promise, was easily accorded wide praise and respect, and ended in relative failure and unpopularity. Fortunately for him, up to the last instant fate intervened to snatch him from defeat and give him another and more striking opportunity. The other significant sections of Mr. Annin's book are those which attempt a keen analysis of Mr. Wilson's postulated mental traits and indicate the irrationality of those who are able to discern only unmixed good or unmitigated evil in his personality and career.

Perhaps the most illuminating suggestion incidentally developed by Mr. Lawrence is that of the intimate relation betwen Mr. Wilson's mental moods and physical health and his public achievements, though he does not discuss the important allegation that Mr. Wilson was a chronic sufferer from neuritis. His gloom following the death of his first wife in 1914 may have had much to do with the slump in his activity in domestic politics and his indecision in handling diplomatic relations at the beginning of the European war. The élan and buoyancy induced by his courtship and second marriage was doubtless an important impelling factor in leading him to take his revolutionary stand on the need for a more vigorous program of preparedness in 1915-16, with the gusto which accompanied his speaking trip on this subject. His trip abroad to negotiate peace was virtually a second honeymoon-trip. But most important of all is Mr. Lawrence's revelation of the fact that much of the responsibility for Mr. Wilson's aberrant conduct in the latter part of the Peace Conference and during his struggle with the senate for ratification of the Treaty and the League must be assigned to a breakdown in the spring of 1919, nearly six months before he collapsed while on his tour of the country:

> Oppressed on every side by the demands on his time and aware of the intrigue set afoot to influence him, Mr. Wilson suffered his first real breakdown in Paris. He had an attack of influenza accompanied by severe digestive disturbances. There was a time when his illness was so serious that it caused alarm to his household. After the few days of illness Mr. Wilson never seemed the same to his associates. Stung by the criticism that he had compromised too much, Mr. Wilson was adamant to the last days of the Conference, refusing to concede anything and siding with the French in an insistence that the Germans be compelled to sign without modification the terms that had been proposed. Even the British were inclined to compromise and permit the Germans to make modifications, but the French would hear none of it and President Wilson, anxious to get back to America to secure the ratification of the Treaty, concurred in the French view.

Thus perished the "peace of justice" and the Fourteen Points! Mr. Lawrence would doubtless accept the hypothesis of changed circumstances as an adequate explanation of the transition from this attitude to that expressed just before his death to Mr. Kerney of the Trenton Times: "I should like to see Germany clean up France and I should like to meet Jusserand and tell him to his face" (p. 354). According to Mr. Lawrence the League likewise met its fate because of his broken health:

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Whether America would have benefited by entrance into the League of Nations it is not necessary to discuss, but the United States would today be in the League officially if the President had been able to get the advice he so much needed in his enfeebled condition. On his sick bed he almost agreed to accept the Lodge reservations, but someone urged him to make an issue of it in the 1920 campaign and in January, 1920, he asked that a solemn referendum be taken.

Another matter of real interest which Mr. Lawrence reveals is the probable influence of Mrs. Wilson, 2nd, on the President. There seems no doubt that his remarkable revival of zest and power from 1915 to 1918 was due to his courtship and marriage. On the other hand, her characteristic and natural pride in her distinguished husband and his achievements is said by Mr. Lawrence to have produced the break with Colonel House, whose praise and publicity in the Paris Conference she resented. One would like to know more of her influence upon the President's attitude in the closing days of the Peace Conference and in the struggle with Senator Lodge.

Finally, Mr. Lawrence indicates that there were important extenuating circumstances in regard to Mr. Wilson's ill-advised appeal for a Democratic congress in 1918. Speaker Gillett, Representative Fess, Taft and Roosevelt had all made vicious partisan appeals for the election of a Republican congress prior to October 26th, when Mr. Wilson asked for the return of a Democratic majority to support his policy with respect to peace and reconstruction.

When the authoritative treatise on Mr. Wilson's career and personality is being prepared both of these works will be of value to the writer, but it is the prediction of the reviewer that while Mr. Lawrence's is the more entertaining, it will prove to an equal degree more tentative and ephemeral.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

The Safety Razor Views Society

The People's Corporation, by King C. Gillette. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE inventor of the safety razor has drafted a plan for the re-organization of society. It is a striking exhibit of the difficulty of social as compared with mechanical invention.

Mr. Gillette, looking out over the world as if it were his factory, has noticed that it is out of gear. We are as closely interdependent as the manufacturing, shipping and sales departments, yet we are riven by conflicts. Wages are raised, inventions are utilized, not when it is best for all but when it is profitable for a few. There is lack of coördination which results in waste. Some hands are maintained in luxury though they are idle, others are assigned to non-productive processes like competitive selling or speculating. The factory shuts down at the very time when there is greatest need for its products. Plants and machinery are over-equipped, products and processes are unstandardized, work is duplicated. We have needless small towns and inefficient small farms. We waste our substance in conflict, we waste human life in poverty and war. Enraged, he calls for the manager. There is no manager! There is no coördinating plan! Orderly executive that he is, he determines to take this clumsy business in hand.

The remedy is heroic, but conventional. Form a giant corporation, buy out everything, set things straight. One firm to manage all the business of the world will liquidate the socially bankrupt plants, eliminate competition, set idlers to work, adjust the payroll, humanize the employment policy, plan production to meet the real needs of consumption, enrich everyone. Injustice and conflict will be abolished because ownership will be vested in all. This is to be accomplished without expropriation through the deposit of funds or securities by the present owners, who, seeing the logic and grandeur of the idea, will exchange their property for non-interest-bearing notes which they can spend for current needs but which will not entitle them to live indefinitely from the work of others. But even they will profit by the general enrichment. Policemen and courts will go; government will be unnecessary —except as a financing agency. We shall all live in good will and luxury, dwelling in fifty-story apartment hotels in a dozen great cities—except for those of us who volunteer for a little pleasant work with the most modern farm machinery in gigantic harvest fields.

What is the matter with this idea? Neither Mr. Gillette's sincerity, his common sense, nor his ingenuity. He is an approved inventor, an exceptionally successful business man. Yet the plan is a fantasy, like so many Utopias before it. Is that Mr. Gillette's fault?

If a stone-age beau had wanted to shave in safety, he might easily have had the vision of the tool he needed, but he could not have made a distant relative of the thing. A mediaeval smith could have forged a few for knights and princes, but all the smiths in the world could not have made enough new blades. Before the safety razor could be available to its millions—simple as it is—the chemists had been busy with their test-tubes for centuries, the minerologists had explored the world, the metallurgists had learned how to make fine steel in great quantities. Physics and mechanics had laid the basis for the technique of machine production. And men had developed the necessary skill and habits for the use of this vast array of resources. Mr. Gillette, inventing his razor, stood upon a mountain-range of painfully accumulated mechanical culture.

But there is yet no such pile of exact knowledge and useful technique in the social sciences. So little have people thought of the possible contribution of science to social invention that Mr. Gillette did not even consult the economists—supposedly experts in this sort of thing. If he had done so, he would have saved himself a few crude mistakes. He would have been reminded that much of the income of property-owners is reinvested for new productive capital. He would have discovered that many of the persons whom he calls totally useless would be needed even in an ideal system. He would have learned that the non-interest-bearing government notes which he wants to issue to finance the corporation would cause the greatest currency inflation of history, raising prices so rapidly that nobody would want to sell income-producing property.

And yet he is to be excused for not consulting the

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economists. He is to be excused if he thought of them as persons who seldom concern themselves with economic waste except as an abnormality, incident to the lack of an ideal system of free competition which (if it existed and were untramelled by efforts at conscious plan) would, they believe, automatically work toward the greatest good of the community. Many economists seem to be partisans of the assumption that the desire for gain not only is, but must be the mainspring of economic activity. They seem in the main to have busied themselves, not with humble, painstaking study of waste and other aspects of the real world, not with measurements, testings, experiments, but with the elaboration of hypothetical abstractions, which furnish no firm footing to the social technician but rather are calculated to prohibit him from changing anything.

When the economists, the psychologists and the other social scientists have learned to tell us precisely how men behave under varying stimuli and what the results of that behavior are, there will be no more writing of Utopias. Socially-minded men will devote their energies to adjusting the social complex in detail. They will find out how to set up a plant, an industry, coöperatively and efficiently before they attempt to manage the world. They will know what may be done in small units and what must be done in large. They will learn how to secure the benefits of coördination without the dangers of bureaucracy. They will discover whether men really want to live in fifty-story apartment hotels, or in small communities. By big discoveries, by small achievements, by changed group habits, they will pile up the mountain-range of societal culture on which some future Gillette may perhaps raise a People's Corporation that is not a fantasy.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Vitality of Byron

Byron in England: His Fame and After-Fame, by Samuel C. Chew. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. $4.50.

The Political Career of Lord Byron, by Dora Neill Raymond. New York: Henry Holt. $3.00.

Byron and Greece, by Harold Spender. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. $4.00.

PROFESSOR CHEW'S admirable study, Byron in England: His Fame and After-Fame, is one of the two or three solid memorials produced by the centenary of the poet's death. Aside from the skill with which the author manoeuvers his vast accumulation of data, perhaps the most striking fact about the book is the astonishing vitality of Byron. He is the liveliest corpse in English literature. Again and again we have been assured that Byron is dead. But the crop of books about him produced by the centenary year is alone sufficient evidence of an active interest in the noble lord, although, as Professor Chew's researches show, this harvest is not exceptional: a bibliography of something like 1100 titles of Byroniana is evidence that can not be lightly dismissed.

It is true that only a small part of the British writing about Byron has value. Professor Chew does not press the point, but the great bulk of Byronic "criticism" is not criticism at all but a prolix debate between the Grundians and the anti-Grundians over the question, "Was Byron a moral man?" The negative has done most of the talking, but the affirmative has made the better speeches. Most of the oratory, however, has been beside the point. With brilliant exceptions (Professor Chew selects for special praise the essays of Swinburne, Morley, Elton, and Symons), the British have really not been talking about Byron, they have been exculpating themselves. As a result they have mainly missed the fact that the real greatness of Byron lies in his intellectual vigor—in what Swinburne called the splendid and imperishable excellence of his sincerity and strength.

For, as Professor Chew's survey indicates, this is precisely what the horde of imitators missed. Not one of them rises beyond the second rank of literary merit; and few beyond the third. They seized upon Byron's manner; they could not reach up to Byron's mind, to the restless and glittering play of his superb mentality. Herein, as Professor Chew points out, as better critics have seen, herein is the real vitality of Byron. He is good intellectual fun. It is becoming increasingly clear that he was cast out by British society, not because he had love affairs so much as because he had ideas. The Tories were afraid of his habit of independent criticism, and the divines were uneasy because of his powers of debate. The Byronic hero is a little gaudy now, but the mentality of the poet is still fresh and vigorous and interesting.

If further proof were needed of this fact, it will be found in Dora Neill Raymond's sympathetic volume, The Political Career of Lord Byron. Mrs. Raymond has confined herself to writing a biography from the political point of view, omitting, perhaps wisely, any formal study of the general principles underlying Byron's political liberalism. In doing this, however, she has sacrificed the most interesting part of her subject; the connection between the poet's philosophy of living and his criticism of the state. The value of her book lies in the proof she offers that the Tories raised a moral issue to rid themselves of a man whose ideas they were afraid of.

Mr. Spender's book, on the other hand, is an eminently silly one. It reads as though it had been written during a séance by the shade of La Guiccioli. Although it is announced as containing "a large amount of new material" on Byron's last years, there is nothing in the book which has not been available to scholars since the publication of the Hobhouse correspondence, except the errors and the infelicities, and of these there are many. Among the latter the following specimen will be relished by the judicious: Colonel Leicester Stanhope (he of the printing presses and the utilitarian morality) was, according to Mr. Spender, "the Bayard of the Greek cause, the soldier without fear or reproach." Let us return to sounder matters.

Professor Chew's volume in turn is a record of the fog in which the real question of Byron's worth has, since that issue was raised, been left. The methods of political massacre seem to have been as effective in 1815 as they are in 1924.

For Byron had ideas. His impatience with words arises from the rapid and brilliant play of his mind. In his maturer work it is this play of mind that counts; certain ideas he turns over and over in restless dissatisfaction with the incapacities of language, a medium which, however, he handled with greater intellectual felicity than any poet of his time and much more competently than critics, secretly hostile to his ideas, will allow. Even emotions tended to present themselves on their intellectual side; he seldom depicts directly but rather in retropsect, that is to say, the memory seizes upon passion after its great hour is past.

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And because verse was the weapon of his age, he wielded it for purposes that today call for the novel, the epigram, the essay. This intellectualism is what Europe felt, this and his fearlessness and fundamental honesty, and all this England tried to ignore.

His imitators, it is commonly said, aped his mannerisms and lacked his genius. It would be truer to say that, in the Elizabethan sense, they lacked his wit. In Byron thought fuses at high tension: the result is often great rhetoric and sometimes great poetry. It is never feminine and caressing like Keats or Shelley. It is this masculinity in Byron that in a sense keeps him immoral. He is direct, vigorous, and brutal; it is no wonder that the Victorian age did not know what to do with him. And we, whose poets are over-concerned with technique and not concerned with ideas, we may well turn to the vigor of Don Juan and The Vision of Judgment to learn that the secret of immortality is not necessarily perfection of form but rather fundamental brain work.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

Pierre Curie

Pierre Curie, by Marie Curie. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

"IN science we should be interested in things, not in persons," Madame Curie once said. If we may judge from the biography of Pierre Curie, written by his wife, this was the credo of these two exceptional individuals throughout their singularly united work. It has certainly been the basis of the selection of material for this book, which in addition to an account of Pierre Curie's life, contains several chapters of autobiographical notes by the author. For, on the personal side, it is distinguished by an austere reserve which occasionally makes the tone comparable to that of a shy child who keeps a diary at the solicitation of its parents. The only portions of the book where a deep emotional intensity is revealed are those dealing with the pilgrimage of work, and a few phrases which seem to break through in spite of the author when referring to the death of Pierre Curie. Notwithstanding this reticence and detachment there is conveyed the impression of two vivid and intense personalities who lived on the same plane of understanding and who had a unity of purpose in work and in life which enabled them harmoniously to transcend almost insurmountable obstacles. The difficulties which deflect and destroy the creative activity of those less perfectly adjusted, were reduced, in the case of M. and Mme. Curie, to incidents scarcely worth more than a passing mention. This account, so barren in the usual material of our present day biography and autobiography, reveals, by inference, a complete reversal of the usual proportions and values of life. The Curies were apparently never overpowered by material hardships, or discouraged during lonely years of unaided and unappreciated efforts. Voluntary isolation for the sake of work, the renunciation of material comforts ordinarily valued highly, were not regarded by them as sacrifices or occasions for self-pity. Their choice seems to have been as automatic and inevitable as a reflex muscular action. They found the burdens of celebrity more difficult to cope with than inadequate laboratory equipment. Work, their two children, and a few chosen human relationships were the elements which the Curies selected as of primary importance in life. Above all they lived for work, and whatever interfered with work was a loss of life at its highest level. For them the golden period was that which Pierre Curie called "the great work days" when they were engaged in the discovery and isolation of radium. The account of the researches of these years is a thrilling story of the creative imagination in the quest of the unknown.

In 1891 Henri Becquerel had discovered the phenomenon of the spontaneous emission by uranium salts of rays of a peculiar character, and Madame Curie decided to undertake an intensive study of the sources of these rays. Madame Curie's researches, which she at first conducted alone, led her to develop the hypothesis that uranium and thorium contained in small quantities some substance which was more strongly radioactive than either of these elements; she concluded that this substance must be a new chemical element. Her eagerness to verify this hypothesis as soon as possible was so great that Pierre Curie abandoned the work on crystals in which he was then engaged. At the time they both regarded this as a temporary deflection of his activities and neither of them foresaw that this new element which they were seeking would develop into a mutual life work. In the beginning they did not know any of the chemical properties of the substance for which they were seeking; they only knew that it emitted rays, and it was by these rays that the search had to be conducted. This research involved the founding of a new method of chemical analysis which has since resulted in the discovery of a large number of radioactive elements. In 1898 they announced the discovery of radium. Although Pierre and Marie Curie were then confident that they had discovered a new element, its isolation was necessary if chemists were to be equally convinced. And this was a stupendous material task. Madame Curie thus describes the situation:

> We were very poorly equipped with facilities for this purpose. It was necessary to subject large quantities of ore to careful chemical treatment. We had no money, no suitable laboratory, no personal help for our great and difficult undertaking. It was like creating something out of nothing, and if my earlier studying years had once been called by my brother-in-law the heroic period of my life, I can say without exaggeration that the period on which my husband and I now entered was the truly heroic one of our common life.

Their research was carried on in an abandoned shed which did not adequately protect their experiments from rain or dust; it was hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter. And yet Madame Curie says:

> It was in this miserable old shed that we passed the happiest years of our life, devoting our entire days to our work . . . I shall never be able to express the joy of the untroubled quietness of this atmosphere of research and the excitement of actual progress with the confident hope of still better results.

Day by day their faith grew, the dream unfolded. Without bitterness Madame Curie says quite simply:

> It had taken me almost four years to produce the kind of evidence which chemical science demands, that radium is a truly new element. One year would probably have been enough for the same purpose, if reasonable means had been at my disposal. The demonstration that cost so much effort was the basis of the new science of radio-activity.

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Three years of transcendent scientific genius wasted for lack of "reasonable means." Yet the experiences of these difficult years did not prevent Pierre and Marie Curie from renouncing a potential fortune by refusing in any way to exploit their discoveries. When a practical American, in discussing this problem of inadequate material resources, once asked Madame Curie about patents she replied: "There were no patents. We are working in the interests of science. Radium is not to enrich anyone. Radium is an element. It belongs to all the people."

This was not the expression of a momentary Quixotic mood, but the logical outcome of a clearly defined attitude toward life and work. It is an inspiring vision of the relation of the scientist to an ideal state of society. But in reading this fascinating book, which is admirably translated by Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg, one is poignantly reminded that in our acquisitive world wealth is distributed with little relation to the real needs or capacities of individuals. While realizing fully the value of such an example, one questions whether humanity might not have been better served had Pierre and Marie Curie pursued a policy which would have relieved them from material difficulties and permitted their exceptional gifts to function without waste.

FOLA LA FOLLETTE.

Two Views of Erasmus

Erasmus, by J. Huizinga, Translated by P. S. Allen, in The Great Hollanders Series, edited by Edward W. Bok. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Erasmus, a Study of his life, ideals and place in history. By Preserved H. Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

A BIOGRAPHER indulges, perforce, in autobiography. He is generally of less importance than the subject of his work, and apart from facts, dates and environments, can give his readers merely his own interpretation of the genius whom he would describe. The panorama open to the mind of Erasmus cannot be seen by every eye; the world will probably have to wait some time for an adequate appreciation of his talents. Meanwhile, any contribution to a better understanding of him is welcome.

The later and smaller of the two volumes before the reviewer is by a compatriot of Erasmus, J. Huizinga, professor of history in the University of Leyden. It is the opening volume of a new series, Great Hollanders, projected by Edward W. Bok. Mr. Bok explains that since the countries of the world are drawing nearer together as a result of the War and a new interest has been focussed on Holland, it is appropriate to treat in a group a few of those important figures in the history of the Netherlands whose influence played a large part in the development of American institutions. Erasmus is first in this list.

If the reader scents in this preface the familiar odor of propaganda, he will be happily, or unhappily, disappointed in the book itself. Except for the information that the Holland of Erasmus's day is not, geographically, what Americans know as Holland, nothing in Professor Huizinga's volume is pointed at conditions in our country. The story of Erasmus is presented, with due consideration of the labors of Dr. P. S. Allen, in a clear and matter-of-fact style. The translation, despite occasional lapses into unidiomatic and even ridiculous English, offers no impediment to the reader's understanding. The author's estimate of Erasmus agrees in the main with views expressed by Roman Catholic historians. On the whole, though the book shows evidence of a careful study of Erasmus and exhibits a sane and sympathetic attitude towards Protestants and Catholics alike, there is little to justify its publication. American readers in search of a brief, authoritative and stimulating account of Erasmus can more profitably turn to the last edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, wherein is printed the essay of a man of letters, Mark Pattison, revised by a scholar, Dr. P. S. Allen. How the present volume will strengthen the bonds between Holland and America or hasten the day of universal peace it is hard to see.

In the second of our volumes, the author, who is professor of history in Cornell University, writes an interesting and well-documented account in a decent style. He has mastered what others have written about Erasmus, and with copious translations, some of them his own, he describes his hero in what is often the best way, by allowing him to speak for himself. Some of the poems are done into rough-shod verse, adequate to the original and generally pleasing, except when "melodies" rhymes with "ancient Greece," and when Orpheus, also in the exigencies of rhyme, presents Skelton with a guitar. The author pursues his theme into learned foot-notes and excursuses. The volume, topped off with a full bibliography and a serviceable index, bears the aspect of a standard work.

The aim of Professor Smith is threefold. He first would sum up the many new facts bearing on the life of Erasmus; he would then exhibit the genius of his rational piety; and finally, he would explain, by the example of his career, the intricate relation of Renaissance to Reformation. The first of these aims has been performed, so far as the reviewer is capable of judging, exceedingly well; the result does not radically change the picture of Erasmus that previous writers have drawn. The third and largest of the problems is handled with the acumen that we expect from a philosophical historian like Professor Smith. Erasmus becomes a symbol of the course of history; he illustrates in his own experience the tendencies which, springing from the Renaissance, led first towards the Reformation and then away from it. If Erasmus is thus a microcosm of his times, one might seek in that fact a justification of his attitude. Not so Professor Smith, who believes in the righteousness of the Reformation and the nobility of Luther's character, despite its faults. The strongest part of the book is the description of the final conflict between Erasmus and Luther over the freedom of the will and the still deeper issues which aligned Protestants against Catholics in mortal strife. Erasmus emerges from the encounter, as Professor Smith narrates it, with no stain of cowardice on his escutcheon. His genial urbanity, which can condense into tartness at times, shines out against the boorishness of Luther's savage temper; the desire to throw his opponent's treatise under the bench is not the most subtle form of repartee. It does not answer Erasmus's remark that he could wish Luther a better disposition, were the latter not so well satisfied with the one that he had.

No less stimulating is the analysis of Erasmus's program of rational piety, which mutatis mutandis is today, asserts Professor Smith, the faith professed by large circles of our cultivated classes. Whether Erasmus redi-

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vivus would subscribe to that faith, I have my doubts. I doubt also whether Professor Smith is correct in thinking Erasmus's religion a code of life unembarrassed by creed. Surely his "philosophy of Christ" contains dogma, unless we reserve that term for some article of belief that means to us a kind of rigid nonsense. Erasmus, no less than his master St. Jerome, who likewise, according to Professor Smith is "undogmatic," cherished both the principle of belief and a creed. It would seem, further, that at least in the controversy on Transubstantiation, Erasmus resorted for authority not to the Bible, and in particular, not to one's private interpretation of the Bible, but to the Church.

The gravest defect of the book is the author's incapacity to discuss humanism. "To distil the lessons of the classics and of the early Christian writings," he can declare, "and then to instil them into the minds of youth, seemed to that and to many subsequent generations the highest wisdom. . . Nowadays the old authors so familiar to our fathers have become little more than the ghosts of their former selves; and like the shades seen by Odysseus in the underworld, they revive to life and warmth only when they drink blood,—that of the unappreciative youths and maidens still sacrificed to them in our schools." The ghosts of antiquity would find little blood to satisfy their appetite in the present volume. They would not understand the statement, for instance, that "Socrates and the ancient world in general 'maintained' a disparaging estimate of natural science." Horace would learn with some amusement that the liturgical opening of his sermon to the rising generation,—"odi profanum volgus et arceo"—was intended to cultivate that haughty contempt of the mob that led in Erasmus's day to the Peasants' Revolt. Erasmus in relating how somebody pointed him out to the toll-collector with the words οὗτός ἐστιν ἐκεῖνος is thinking, I should imagine, of Pliny, who tells a similar anecdote about himself and justifies his jubilation by that of Demosthenes, when the old woman exclaimed οὗτός ἐστι Δημοσθένης The ghost of Pliny would expect from our author a more enlightening comment than the bare foot-note "Greek,"—Greek it is to the reader. Erasmus himself, for he deserves a place among the Latin Classics, would not at all relish the manner in which certain of his poems are here published for the first time. It is a sorry editio princeps, especially after the author's condescending remarks about Aldus's editions, "deficient as some of them may seem in the light of modern scholarship." Modern scholarship as here exhibited would make Aldus turn in his grave. In the three poems printed, amounting to eighty lines in all, there are fourteen gross errors in punctuation or the form of words, besmirching the page and mangling the text. In particular, if Professor Smith had known that Virgil had entursted the editing of his poems to Varius and Tucca, he would not have "emended" these names in one of the poems or identified them, after a painful search, with acquaintances of Erasmus. If he had likewise seen that Virgil is represented as speaking the lines, he would have solved the mystery of the name Malleolus, who was not Erasmus's friend Batt(!) but Paulus Malleolus, an editor of Virgil's works in 1498. Above all, had Professor Smith a thorough and sympathetic acquaintance with the Classics, he would have vastly improved his account of the Praise of Folly, a book hermetically sealed to one who cannot detect the Horatian quality of its wit or its delicate parodies of ancient literary settings. A patronizing attitude towards the dead languages is not the best preparation for understanding or interpreting Erasmus.

Similar observations on the Middle Ages show a corresponding inappreciativeness of their merits. When it is declared that the only subjects taught in the mediaeval period "except a little barbarous Latin, had been dialectic and Aristotelian philosophy," certain mediaeval ghosts could smile with surprise,—Lupus Servatus, Gerbert, Hildebert of Tours, John of Salisbury, Jeun de Meun, to name no more. The reader also rubs his eyes on noting the statement that in Erasmus's day "few works of high merit had as yet been produced in any European vernacular." The authors of the Song of Roland and the Romance of the Rose, Dante and Chaucer, Boccaccio and Petrarch,—and others—will assemble in a ghostly troupe to enquire whether "high merit" may not be predicated of certain works of theirs. Professor Smith apparently concludes that as these are mediaeval authors they are outside the region of his topic. But the relation of Latin to the vernaculars as a literary medium, which is his immediate concern, cannot be discussed without a consideration of these and other writers who had wrestled with the problem long before Erasmus was born. Finally, in Professor Smith's account of the reconciliation of Pagan culture with Christian teaching sought by Erasmus, we miss some indication of the fact that the program of Christian humanism had been given a definite form in the standard work of Lactantius in the fourth century and had remained the guiding principle in education throughout the Middle Ages. Erasmus was not attracted to St. Jerome because his letters are "full of Roman life and couched in easy Latin" or because he found him "the least theological of the theologians" or "a man of the world among saints" or a "pure Latinist among barbarians." There is a grain of truth in each of these epithets, but in combination they produce an impression that Erasmus would have recognized as ridiculous. In short, Professor Smith is not strong in the periods of history that precede his immediate field of research. His book, while containing valuable information and well pondered thought, presents but a partial survey of the genius of Erasmus, to whom the ancient authors were flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. Unless one sips from the literature on which he fed, one may write round and about the books of Erasmus interminably, but never get inside.

E. K. RAND.

Chinese Culture and Art

Chinese Painting as Reflected in the Thought and Art of Li Lung-Mien: 1070-1106, by Agnes E. Meyer. New York: Duffield and Company. $10.00.

DURING the reign of Louis XIV the European mind began to make its first real contact with Chinese civilization, although the path to China had intermittently closed and opened many times before. As was natural, the first traders in China brought back the things of trade —tea and porcelain, therefore known as china, and silks and lacquered wares, and during the eighteenth century the western world adopted various chinoiseries in art and thought. The landscape gardeners vented their ingenuity upon Chinese temples and pagodas; the architects used Chinese wallpapers; the furniture makers of London even manufactured a hybrid article that is now called Chinese Chippendale; and there is perhaps some reason to suspect

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that the mandarinate established by Napoleon I was a more or less conscious adaptation of ancient Chinese institutions, as Professor Patrick Geddes has suggested.

These things entered into our daily life, and were absorbed, and China remained as far away as ever, since Europe knew Chinese civilization only by its own adaptations, deformities, and misconceptions.

The introduction of Chinese culture into the West came with the French translation of the Chinese classics, in the eighteenth century; and it is only during the last generation that the work of sinologists has progressed far enough to give the common reader an occasional glimpse of its wealth, not merely in pholosophy and ethics, but in poetry, in criticism, in æsthetics. Mrs. Meyer's present study of Chinese painting as reflected in the thought and art of Li Lung Mien is a vigorous contribution to our knowledge and intuition of Chinese culture; and although I am not competent to judge its scholarly qualities, I can affirm its interest and importance to those who are concerned with culture as a whole, and who realize how completely the Chinese have explored, and in many ways resolved, the spiritual dilemmas with which Europe has long been confronted.

In Li Lung-Mien, who flourished in the Sung period, Mrs. Meyer sees an epitome of Chinese culture and art: through his life and work the Confucian, the Taoist, and the Buddhist mingled and became one. What do these three terms signify? In Confucianism the principles of positivism, of social solidarity, the orderly regulation of human activities, the service of the state, achieve their perfect expression. The Book of Etiquette becomes the book of life, and every activity of the spirit celebrates the life of men in their social relations. The idiosyncrasies of experience and impulse are absorbed into the common aim of the community: every act is disciplined, and painting itself serves to bind the present with the past by recording meritorious incidents in the lives of sages and kings.

To use a psychological cliché, Confucianism represents the extrovert phase of the Chinese spirit. Manners may harden into empty formality, thought may become a repetition of platitudes, art itself may become stereotyped and dry, and a meticulous bureaucracy may seek to bind every activity in a sleek coil of red tape—but the spirit still faces outward and proclaims its conquest over the original brutishness of Nature and Man.

Hard upon Confucius followed Laotse, with his doctrine of Taoism, and in the Taoist reaction against all the disciplines and fidelities of the Confucian ideal we see its complement and antithesis. The distinction between Confucian and Taoist seems to correspond roughly to our Western distinction between classic and romantic, particularly when we associate romanticism with the free understanding of natural phenomena, which in art brought back landscape painting, and in thought led away from the traditional study of the humanities and into the domain of the physical sciences. With the cultural history of China in mind we can puncture the curious fallacy that Professor Irving Babbitt has so persistently preached, namely, that romanticism is a peculiar aberration of the Western mind, due largely to the influence of a horrid, shameless creature named Rousseau. On the contrary, we see that Taoism is as deeply rooted in human nature as Confucianism; for it represents the inevitable introversion that follows when the spirit is overpowered by circumstances, when the established social order is being disrupted by war, revolution, and internal disintegration; and when, in order to preserve itself, the spirit must "return to Nature," and take the world as it finds it, since it has lost the power, for the moment, to modify either itself or its environment.

We who live in the midst of political confusion and disappointment will perhaps find the Taoist philosophy particularly ingratiating; for it emphasizes the salvation of the individual in a disrupted social order. The Seven Wise Men of the Bamboo Grove, who lived in the third century, A. D., are the embodiment of the Taoist mentality; and in the paintings of the time, as Mrs. Meyer tells us, "we have a rudely masculine world that prefers for its abode the remote fastnesses of nature, where ceremony yields to utter freedom. The emperor is no longer the center of this universe; and if he appears at all, it is not as the revered Son of Heaven but as the representative of all the world's imperfections. The court is distant and abjured; and man's relationship to man is not the noblest aim of life, but a burden from which only the unfailing and unchanging forest solitude is a refuge and a release." Mrs. Meyer reprints a classic letter from one of the philosophers of the Grove, severing friendship with a man who has offered him an official post, and giving his reasons for his determination to remain aloof from public life: it expresses complete disgust with all that the State requires of its servants, and disillusion towards all the rewards that it offers. Live simply: free yourself from convention: harmonize your aspirations with nature, and if life be still unbearable, get drunk! These are the injunctions of the extreme Taoist: and there are perhaps worse ways of meeting defeat!

Buddhism combined both these points of view and placed them upon another plane. It took the Confucian ideal of social service and adapted it to the routine of an elaborate ecclesiastical organization; it accepted the Taoist notion of renunciation, but applied it, not to society but to the universe. Whatever the original aims of Buddhism were, this was the way in which it seems to have reacted to Chinese society; and its practical effects went possibly all the deeper for the reason that its precepts and ceremonies, like those of Christianity, touched the cultivators and artisans as well as the scholars, artists, and bureaucrats. Mrs. Meyer appears to resent both the influence of Buddhism and the importance certain scholars have attached to it in relation to Chinese art; for her Confucianism and Taoism form the warp and woof of the Chinese mind, and Buddhism is merely a foreign thread that gives an added color to the fabric. I suspect a pragmatic bias in Mrs. Meyer's philosophy which leaves out of account, as incomprehensible and stupid, any religion which turns its back upon both Nature and Man; but nihilism is just as plainly justified by circumstances as either extroversion or introversion, when the great mass of men can neither rely upon their social order nor fall back upon themselves for comfort and consolation. Even an extreme Taoism must posit a social order firm enough to plant its crops and press its grapes; and when this becomes uncertain, men will naturally withdraw more completely from their daily concerns, in order to continue to live at all.

All this serves only as an introduction to Li Lung-Mien himself. He reaped the fruits of three ways of living; and in his painting he turns from one set of themes to another. As a Confucian he served as a minor official; as a Taoist, he spent a good part of his life in a country-

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retreat; as a Buddhist scholar, he mingled with practising Buddhists and treated their religion and their personal foibles with that gentle ironic indulgence which Anatole France accords to the worthies of the Roman Church. Slowly, piece by piece, Mrs. Meyer puts together a mosaic out of which the life and art of Li Lung-Mien finally emerges—firm, humane, æsthetically masterful.

I am too ignorant of Chinese art to offer any opinion other than Mrs. Meyers's as to his relative place; he would seem, however, to stand in relation to the more original classic painters somewhat the way in which Poussin, perhaps, stands in relation to the secular and religious traditions of the Renaissance, before they were finally dispersed. But this is only a conjecture. Mrs. Meyers has written an enjoyable book; every page gives evidence of diligent research and a sensitive intelligence; and it is all the more valuable as a commentary upon Li Lung-Mien because so much more than his scant history and his isolated achievement are considered. The typography, the reproductions, and the format all deserve a word of praise.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Rural Diagnosis and Therapeuthics

Rural Texas, by William B. Bizzell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Farmer and His Farm, by Frank App and Carl Raymond Woodward. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.00.

Rural Social Problems, by Charles Josiah Galpin. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

A Christian Program for the Rural Community, by Kenyon L. Butterfield. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

AGRICULTURE and country life in America have come to be pathological subjects. Symptoms of disease are varied and therefore lead to varieties of diagnosis. Prices for farm products are too low: economic symptom. Life in the rural community is too unattractive to halt the drift to cities: social symptom. The country church is decaying: religious and ethical symptoms. The farmer must indeed be a hardy specimen if he can withstand the revelation of so much disease. Perhaps he ought not to be censured if in the midst of his pathological bewilderment he turns to patent medicines.

Liberty Hyde Bailey, dean of country life publicists, has undertaken the task of editing a series of volumes which aim to present factual pictures of our rural states and provinces. Rural Texas is the fourth and best volume in the series. The treatment of topographic, climatic, economic and social factors is clear and adequate. Interpretations of statistical facts are neither optimistic enough to classify Mr. Bizzell as an apologist nor sufficiently pessimistic to place him among the gloom-dispensers. He entertains high hopes for the future agriculture of Texas but his hopes are conditioned by unsolved problems. As president of the state College of Agriculture, he occupies the position of strategic leadership in the state's agricultural affairs, a position which he has already enhanced by courageous and liberal policies.

The Farmer and His Farm is a problem-solving volume, and as the title indicates, directs attention to those intimate affairs with which the individual farmer is concerned. Acquiring, financing and managing a farm enterprise are the chief problems upon which technical advice is offered. The emphasis is consequently economic although the human or social factor is not entirely neglected. An important omission under the discussion of acquiring a farm must be noted: no mention is made of coöperative ventures in land settlement, means of acquiring ownership of land which may still be too unconventional for inclusion by economists. The economic theory of the authors as applied to the farm is on the whole traditional and academic in spite of the fact that it appears to be based upon considerable empirical data. The present significance of coöperative marketing of farm products is not adequately reflected in the brief chapter of ten pages devoted to this subject. The peculiar merit of this volume is its simplicity of style and directness of approach.

Dr. Galpin proceeds from a basis of occupational psychology to ensuing sociological facts. His focus is upon the farmer, not the farm; upon human, not economic factors. Proceeding in this manner, from the inside outward, from human to environmental factors, he is led to an unequivocal statement of rural hope. He has faith in the farmer, in the wholesome and stimulating environment of the farmer, and therefore in the ultimate achievement of rural culture. If the researches which he conducts under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture do not fully authenticate his promising hopes for the good life, he finds justification in a long-time point of view. This is as it should be since the method of delimited statistical research inevitably produces short-time, static and partial pictures. It does, however, require courage to speak of "brutalizing averages of crude statistics" even though one must call in Denmark as an aid to faith. Rural Social Problems should be read by all who, under the influence of moody modern fiction, have become dejected over country life. Dr. Galpin equals Hamsun in his devotion to the country but translates his devotion in terms of a renaissance which is the exact opposite of the Hamsunian mode. Dr. Galpin's concept of the "social" is sufficiently inclusive to transcend the social worker's "standard of living" and to include such items as "rural art." If the above portrays too much of the pollyanic, the version is justified by contrast; Dr. Galpin dodges no facts but he stands almost alone in voicing the note of sustained rural optimism. He has written a readable, penetrating and stimulating book which surveys the rural social problem in broader terms than it has hitherto been accorded.

The subject of President Butterfield's Fondren Lecture for 1923, a Christian Program for the Rural Community, offered opportunities for both diagnosis and prescription. President Butterfield's interests and habits of thought are primarily prescriptive, and the occasion hence brought forth his theory of applying Christian principles to rural economy. The Christian principles which, in his opinion, need application in the rural field are (a) the worth of personality, (b) brotherhood, (c) service, (d) love, and (e) faith; in effective consummation these principles are viewed as Christian Democracy in action. The application of these principles is postulated upon the assumption that the church may itself become Christian, an assumption which is none too assuring in view of current institutionalism. Church leaders might, institutionalism to the con-

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trary, profit by President Butterfield's social wisdom scattered throughout this small volume and appearing in such pregnant sentences as: "Can I say more to emphasize the conviction that all of this Christian program for farm interests must be applied in the local units, the little farm communities, or else it is a nearly useless scrap of paper?" President Butterfield's program leaves the reader with an unmistakably satisfying glow, but it also leaves him with many doubts. To state principles and then to ask for their application is a deductive process. What Christianity needs above all else is inductive verification of its principles —verification which stands on the solid ground of human experience and not upon historic authority. Christian principles must be rediscovered and recreated before they can be applied.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

The Eight Paradises

The Eight Paradises: Travel Pictures in Persia, Asia Minor and Constantinople, by Princess G. V. Bibesco. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IS the Anglo-Saxon book of travel commonly prosaic and stodgy? Does the author dwell too precisely on the characteristics of his companions, and do the haps and mishaps of the road intrude too pertinaciously upon the reader's attention? Are the means of travel allowed to usurp first place, and thus become the end? Do we hug the ground so closely that we forget the atmosphere which hovers above it? It all this be true, if we feel our shortcomings and regret them, then we should have a ready welcome for a book written in another tradition and another language, enveloped in a different racial temperament, and directed toward a wholly disparate effect.

On such terms we meet Princess Bibesco as she journeys through Teheran, Ispahan, Trebizond and Constantinople and the minor "paradises" that lie between. She may please us, and please us mightily—unless we decide that she has gone to quite the other extreme, and put a whole world between her pole and ours. For the book is a conscious work of art. The author is after the necessary unified impression, and such an object, of course, involves its rigors and exactions. Her Orient is a garden—or a succession of gardens. She concentrates all her powers on the production of a homogeneous and harmonious work of art, and it is doubtless as such that the result was crowned by the French Academy. Yet the hard-headed and literal-minded reader of another race may pose a query or two: Who accompanied her? It is difficult to make out. What were the means of locomotion? Indications are scanty. What were the homely accidents of the road? They are touched upon infrequently and are passed over very lightly. What references to matters political and economic in an East now stirring to new life? Next to none. What details of the actual social life of the day? Mostly glimpses at the harems of two or three important personages, and chafferings with tradespeople who are brought in by the servants, as "the shops which are open to all comers do not aspire to our custom." The persisting atmosphere is that of a dreamy, romantic, well-flowered enclosure, supplemented by a persevering suffusion of glamor and by the recital of congruous legends. We know the thing cannot be "true." It is a marvel of selection, rejection and adjustment, all to one predetermined effect and end, and all produced as we rather fancy the South Sea idyls of Frederick O'Brien must have been produced. Artifice reigns. One often scents not so much the garden as the hot house. Quintessence has been carried to its highest; the perfume is a little too dense and heavy. And through it all we doubt; the world is wiser than in the days of Lalla Rookh. Or would it be wiser still to welcome an affectism that so amply supplies the lacunæ in our Occidental scheme of life? If we really need poetical abstractions passed through a temperament, we have them here.

Ispahan and Constantinople are the book's great "set pieces." The latter of the two is really presented as a city; the gardens are indeed present, yet the throbbing, repellent miscellany of a great Eastern metropolis manages to assert itself, despite the author's trend toward the portically indefinite. This method and its deficiencies are felt in the pages devoted to that Persian religious reformer, the Bâb. His date is left indeterminate; and as for his tenets. "it is well not to repeat what he said, but the women wept for joy at hearing him and the multitude of men round his shadow grew silently." Yet the author makes amends for this by finishing, in words more precisely her own, with such a penetrating reflection as this: "Young man of Persia, or Arabia, or Judæa, Messiah of Asia, can it be that in this quarter of the globe thou art born again periodically, even, as certain flowers, denizens of the region?"

HENRY B. FULLER.

[NOTE.—Caxton's Ovyde, reviewed in the last issue of The New Republic as an English publication, is also published in America by Houghton, Mifflin Company.]

Contributors

HARRY ELMER BARNES, lecturer in history of thought and culture at the New School for Social Research, is author of a number of books on social and political history.

GEORGE SOULE is director of the Labor Bureau, New York City, and the author of The New Unionism in the Clothing Industry (with J. M. Budish), The Intellectual and The Labor Movement, etc.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES is head of the department of comparative literature at the University of Texas.

FOLA LA FOLLETTE, actress and well-known public speaker, is the daughter of Senator Robert M. La Follette and wife of the playwright George Middleton.

E. K. RAND, professor of Latin at Harvard University, is the author of numerous articles on classical and mediæval subjects, and has edited and translated Boethius' Opuscula Sacra and Consolatio Philosophiae.

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of The Story of Utopias. His latest book, Sticks and Stones: An Interpretation of American Architecture and Civilization, has just been published by Boni and Liveright.

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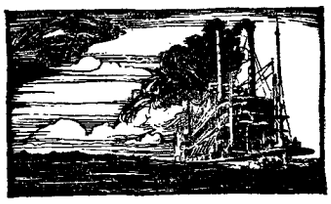

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